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PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Vol. XXXVIII — MAY — 1950 — No. 1

CONTENTS

CLASS POEM — SENIOR PICTURES — CLUBS

Petersburg High School — PAST *and* PRESENT

FOREWORD 3
PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL, 1868-1907 . *Richard Davis Goff* 5
THE STORY OF P. H. S., 1907-1942 . . *Dorothy McCaleb* 7
CONTENTMENT . . . . . *Bob Haines* 9
PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL, 1942-1949 . . *Wade Temple* 11
P. H. S. BUILDINGS—OLD AND NEW . . . . *Joan Evans* 19
DEPARTMENTS IN REVIEW . . . . . *Frances Reese* 21
ATHLETICS IN PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL . *Weldon Smith* 25
SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS . . . . . *Nancy Deibert* 29
ACTIVITIES OF PETERSBURG HIGH
Kathleen Lambert and Nancy Waggoner 33
NATURE . . . . . *Frank Perkins* 36

LITERARY SECTION

LITERARY AWARD . . . . . *Dale Richards* 39
A FRIEND . . . . . *John B. Williams* 40
AN INTERNATIONAL FAUX-PAS . . . . . *Gail Teese* 41
NATURE LYRICS . . . . . *Anne Tunstall* 42
I. Spring II. My Love
LOST IN THE BLIZZARD . . . . . *Bob Haines* 43
SNAKES . . . . . *Paul Lamb* 44
A SLEEPING BEAUTY . . . . . *Jim Morris* 45
NEW YORK . . . . . *Gail Teese* 46
O SHAME! O WOE! . . . . . *Jerry McCulloch* 47
ALL THESE BRING GOD TO ME . . . . *Dolly Davis* 48
WRONG IMPRESSIONS . . . . . *Yvonne Havelock* 49
FRUSTRATION . . . . . *Gail Teese* 50
I. Land-locked II. The Call
CURIOSITY . . . . . *Fred Bisger* 51
MY SISTER'S BIG MOUTH . . . . . *Dolly Davis* 53
A SUMMER'S VACATION . . . . . *Jim Morris* 54
YOUTH . . . . . *Dolly Davis* 54
THE ARROW . . . . . *George Harvey* 55
TOO LATE . . . . . *Mary Williams* 56
AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT . . . . *Nancy Deibert* 57
MORNING . . . . . *John B. Williams* 58
NO HITS, NO RUNS, NO HAIR . . . . *Jerry McCulloch* 58
THE FATAL PRANK . . . . . *Betty Nance* 59
THE PIANIST . . . . . *Joyce Cohen* 60
ADVERTISING, THE MODERN PIED PIPER . . *Billy Allen* 61
SONNETS: I. "Spring" . . . . . *Shep Mondy* 62
II. "The Change of Day" . *Joanne Stevens* 62
THE PARTY . . . . . *Dorothy McCaleb* 63
LIKE A RIVER . . . . . *Loulie Ridenour* 64
OLD MAN RIVER . . . . . *Paul Lamb* 65
MOONRISE . . . . . *Lena Simmons* 66
MUSING . . . . . *Joanne Stevens* 66

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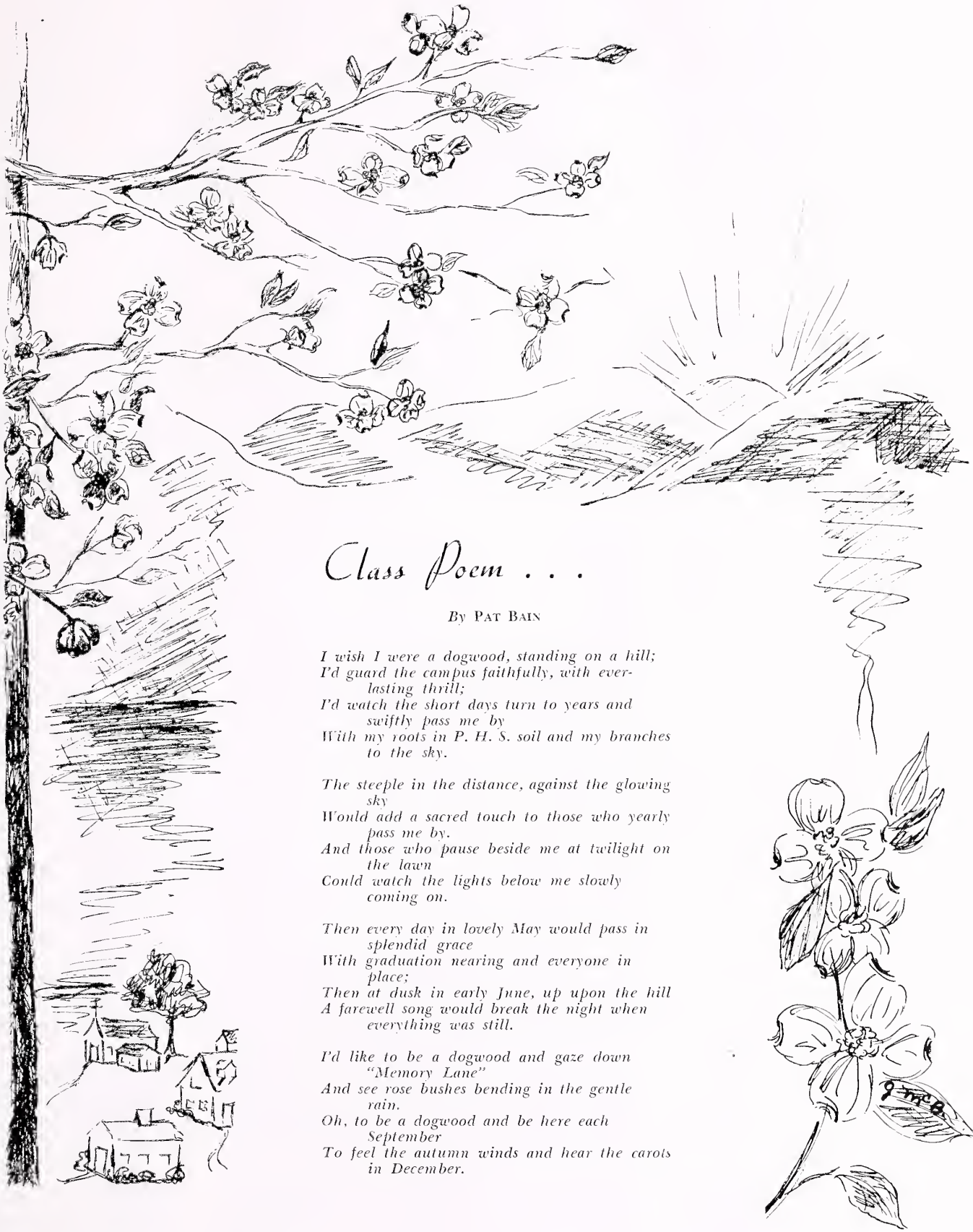

Class Poem . . .

By Pat Bain

I wish I were a dogwood, standing on a hill;
I'd guard the campus faithfully, with everlasting thrill;
I'd watch the short days turn to years and swiftly pass me by
With my roots in P. H. S. soil and my branches to the sky.

The steeple in the distance, against the glowing sky
Would add a sacred touch to those who yearly pass me by.
And those who pause beside me at twilight on the lawn
Could watch the lights below me slowly coming on.

Then every day in lovely May would pass in splendid grace
With graduation nearing and everyone in place;
Then at dusk in early June, up upon the hill
A farewell song would break the night when everything was still.

I'd like to be a dogwood and gaze down "Memory Lane"
And see rose bushes bending in the gentle rain.
Oh, to be a dogwood and be here each September
To feel the autumn winds and hear the carols in December.

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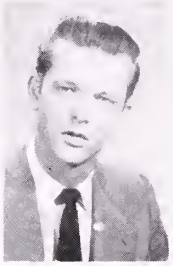

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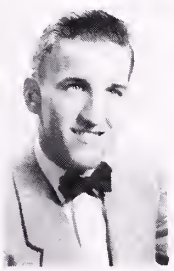

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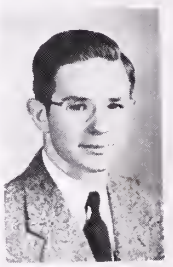

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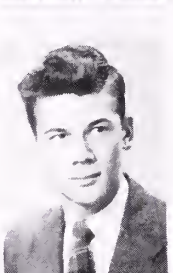

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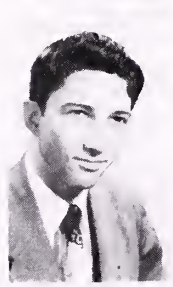

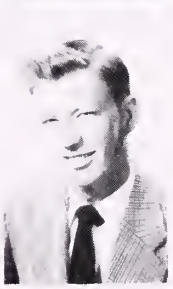

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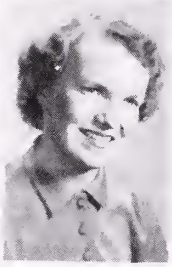

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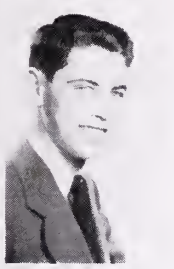

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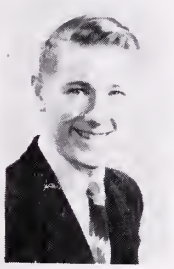

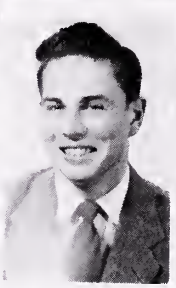

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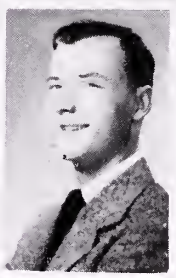

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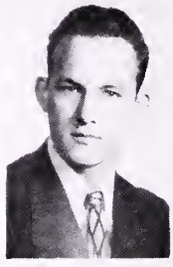

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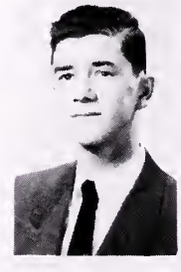

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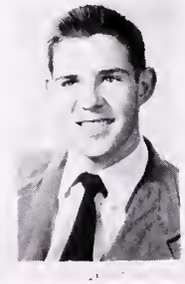

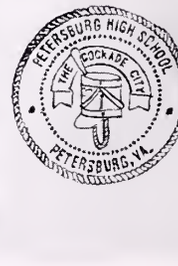

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Judith Lloyd Morris

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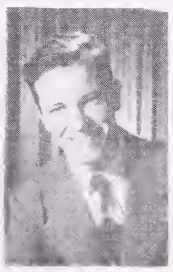
Joel Thomas Blankenship



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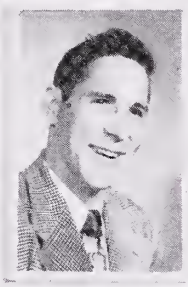

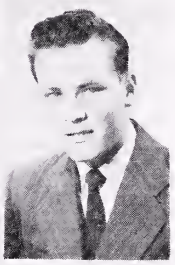

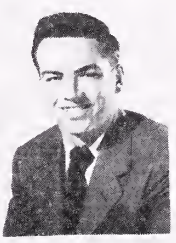

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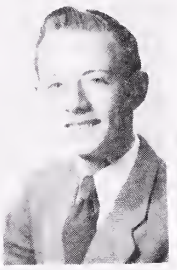

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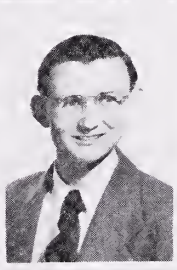

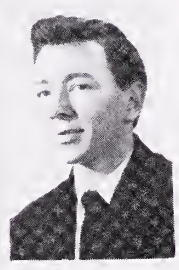

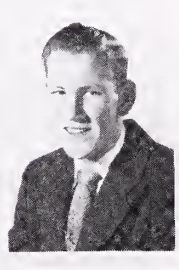

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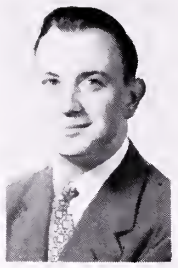

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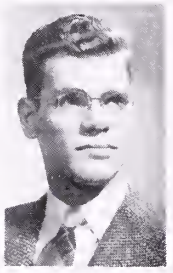

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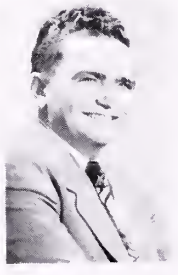

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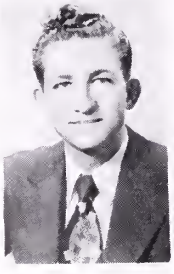

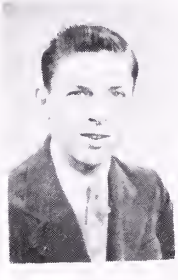

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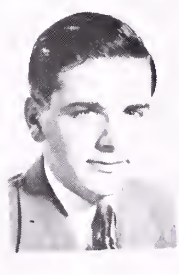

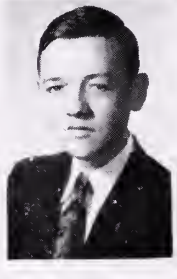

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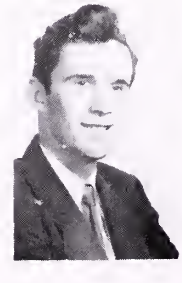

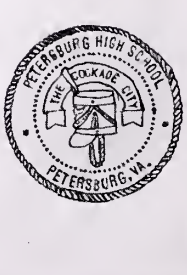

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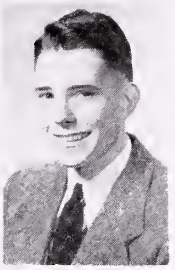
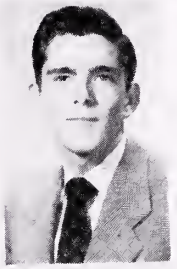
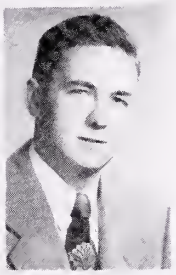


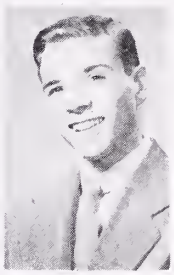
Edith Mae Moody
George Hutchins Harvey



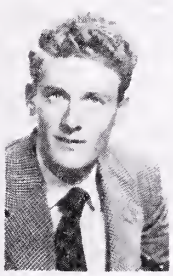
Cynthia Ann Royal
Wallace Franklin Pritchett
Merle Morgan Jones



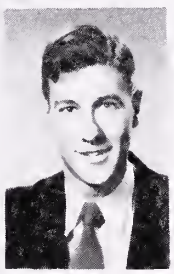
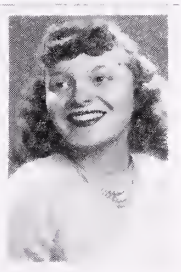
Marjorie Ann Gibbs
Mildred Harris
Joseph Sheppard Mondy, Jr.
Julia Elizabeth Spain
Donald Early Traylor
Barbara Louise Clarke



Betty Jean Sheffield
Jane Bradley Spain
Harold B. Grutchfield, Jr.
Lenora Anne Blankenship
Hampden Staples Mann, Jr.
Marjorie Joy Unger



Shirley Vaughn Seward
Jeanette May Whitehead
Powell Claude Westbrook
Margaret Joyce Bolte
Clabe Webster Lynn, Jr.
Elizabeth Maria Sirry

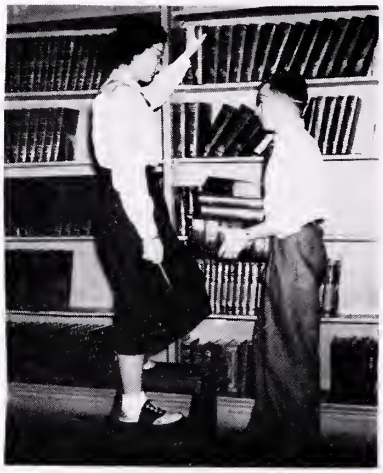



Gloria Jane Wall
Kathleen Wheeler Lambert
Alfred Eugene Jordan
Patricia Frances Miles
John Thomas Dawson, Jr.
Barbara Hill Flowers

Vance Millard Smith
Nancy Lee Ezell
Raymond Mann, Jr.
Peggy Daugherty

FEB.

BEST-ALL-ROUND
ENNIE PULLEY
BOBBY ATKINS



BRAINIEST
JEAN KIMBALL
CLABE LYNN

WHO'S WHO

BIGGEST LOVERS
LENA SIMMONS
PETE ZAPULLA

BEST LOOKING
BETSY HESSE
GILBERT RIDOUT

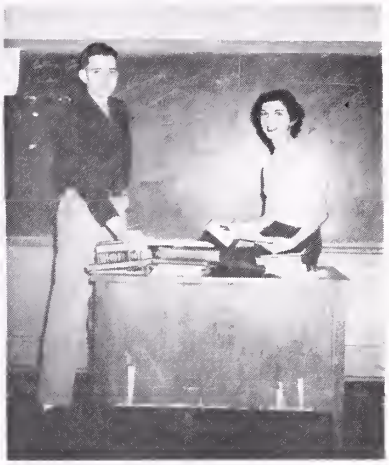
1950

BEST ATHLETES
EDDIE HALBERT
ANN FISCHER

JUNE

BEST-ALL-ROUND
WINNIE DUNNAVANT
FREDDY BISGER

BIGGEST LOVERS
RALPH ROGERS
NANCY STEEL



BRAINIEST
GEORGE HARVEY
NANCY DEIBERT

WHO'S

BEST LOOKING
SYLVIA REAMES
BILLY ALLEN

CRAZIEST
BOB HAINES
BARBARA NEWSOM

WHO

BEST ATHLETES
MARJORIE GIBBS
PRESTON HARRISON

1950

Missile Staff

Editor-in-Chief ..... George Hutchens Harvey
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Circulation Manager ..... Margery Lloyd
Art Editor ..... Jennie McBride
Photographic Editor ..... Erline Pulley
Faculty Advisers—Literary ..... Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Business ..... Mr. J. W. Sutherland
Circulation ..... Mr. A. W. Lloyd
Photograph ..... Mr. Edmund Congdon

First Row
Jenny McBride
Jim Morris
George Harvey
Margery Lloyd
Erline Pulley

Second Row
Dorothy McCaleb
Nancy Waggoner
Nancy Deibert
Joan Evans
Frances Reese
Kathleen Lambert
Dick Goff
Wade Temple

Third Row
Barbara Flowers
Jean Slaughter
Susan Seward
Frances Agel
Yvonne Havelock
Connie Fockler
Shirley Seward
Joyce Cohen
Marjorie Unger
Sam Lowry
Tommy Gates
Bobby Scott

Fourth Row
Harrison Ethridge
Donald James
Irwin Goldberg
Pat VanHouten
Eleanor Harwell
Ann Thurnber
Preston Minton
Sonny Spain

Fifth Row
Mr. H. A. Miller, Jr.
Mr. James Sutherland
Mr. A. W. Lloyd
Mr. E. B. Congdon

Faculty

Principal ..... Russell B. Gill
Assistant Principal ..... H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Secretary ..... Barbara Joyner
Librarian ..... Gladys Barreto

First Row
Katherine Warner
Elizabeth Davies
Shirley Saunders
Mary Moseley
Frances Evans
Helen Wilson

Second Row
Mary Bailey
Helen Scarborough
Louise Andrews
Evelyn Colie
Gladys Wilkinson
Frances Browning

Third Row
Morgan S. Smart
A. W. Lloyd
Gladys Barreto
Barbara Joyner
Mary T. Perkins
Georgia Wood
B. F. Alexander

Fourth Row
E. B. Congdon
William Gum
Delores Peck
Laura Meredith
Janie Lee Reynolds
Frances Morgan
Ethel Armstrong
Pauline Robertson
H. S. Holmes
James W. Sutherland

Fifth Row
H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Ralph Stronach
D. Pinckney Powers
E. B. Smoot
Horace Knight
Philip Hasselvander
Carter Murphy
Charles Carden
I. B. Pittman
Russell B. Gill

Senior Class Officers and Committees

Adviser: Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

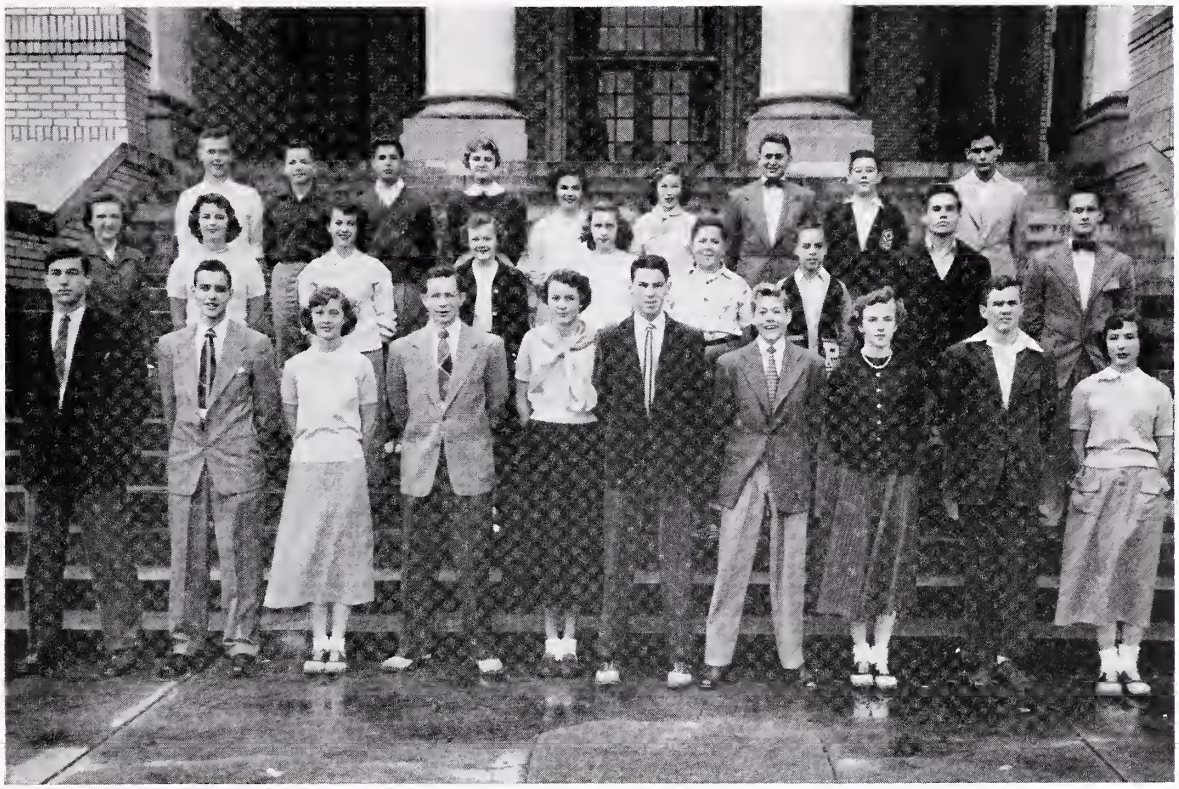
February Class Officers

President ..... Bobby Atkins
Vice-President ..... Raymond Tyus

June Class Officers

President ..... Freddy Bisger
Vice-President ..... George Harvey

Left to Right
Preston Harrison
Sylvia Reames
George Harvey
Mr. Miller
Freddy Bisger
Bobby Atkins
Erline Pulley
Rudolph Spain



Student Council

President ..... Rex Hoyle
Vice-President ..... Frances Reese
Secretary ..... William Hutto
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Elizabeth Davies

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Preston Harrison	Miss Elizabeth Davies	Jim Morris
Freddy Bisger	Jean Fear	Bobby Scott
Sarah Jane Ellis	Nancy Butler	Charles Snyder
Bobby Atkins	Rose Marie Currin	Katherine Capehart
Frances Reese	Connie Fockler	Kay Sullivan
Rex Hoyle	Ronnie Smith	Gloria Kirkland
Bill Hutto	Jack Gray	Irwin Goldberg
Rosa May Boswell	Jerry de la Rosa	Frank Strailman
David Laushey	Raymond Tyus	Maurice Barlow
Frances Sherry		

Monitors

Fall Semester

President ..... John Cates
Vice-President ..... Preston Minton
Secretary ..... Louise Coffey
Adviser ..... Mr. H. S. Holmes

Spring Semester

President ..... Sandra Lee
Vice-President ..... Preston Minton
Secretary ..... Louise Coffey
Adviser ..... Mr. H. S. Holmes

Outside Row of M
Left to Right

Jenny McBride
Preston Harrison
Barbara Flowers
Pete Zapulla
Susan Seward
Bobby Adkins
Bobby Atkins
Freddy Bisger
Robert Jolly
Davidina Partin
Paul Lamb
Lena Simmons
"Snookie" Wawner
Ann Day
Alfred Jordon
Cynthia Roval
Kenneth Holt
Jean Walker
Allan Ramsey
Bobby Blankenship
Francis Agel
Nancy Waggoner
Billy Brockwell
Ann Downing
Jimmy Kirkland
Laura Mae Reames

Inside Row of M
Left to Right

"Winnie" Dunnavant
Pat Miles
Bobby Berry
Gilbert Ridout
Sylvia Reames
Barbara Newsom
"Cig" Howerton
Rosa May Boswell
Jerry McCulloch
Jerry Shreeve
Louise Coffey
Johnny Cates
Preston Minton
Gloria Kirkland
Bobby Lockett
Nancy Steel
John McAllister
Dorothy Stewart
David Britt
Betty Jane Simmons
"Sonny" Spain
Margery Lloyd
Barbara McFarland

The Band

Director ..... Mr. Ralph Stronach
Student Director ..... Louis Phelps
Student Director ..... Edward Hogwood

First Row
Left to Right
Wallace Pritchett
Shirley Perkins
Joyce Munford
Horace Traylor
Hank Mann
Jimmy Smith
George Dempsey

Second Row
Louis Phelps
Bobby Clarke
Billy Hobeck
Claiborne Edwards
LeRoy Stables
John Frederick
David James
Joan Daughtry
James Snead
John Johnson

Third Row
Mr. Stronach
Bill Hutto
Ed Hogwood
Eugene Atkinson
Mac Francis
Jimmy Green
Jerry Tahash
Vincent Duran
James Aldridge
Robert Miles
Gene Porter
David Laushey
Ann Tunstall

Fourth Row
Robert Belvin
Frank Jeffers
Billy Durphey
Billy Shiner
Tommy Zaruba
Robert Hutchinson
Barbara Beville
"Jackie" Humphries
Larry Tudor
John Norris
Lola Vaughan
Deno Jovaras

Fifth Row
Mildred Layne
Robert Myers
John Wine

Majorettes
Left to Right
Peggy Talley
"Jerry" Shreeve
Jeannine Fenderson

Mixed Chorus

Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Morgan S. Smart

Left to Right

First Row
Beverly Whiting
Jeanette Baker
Mary Edgerton
Barbara Byrd
Evelyn Gibbs
Harriet Baxter
Irene Pettijohn
Barbara Newsome
Shirley Seward
Lois Maile

Second Row
Arnold Brown
Jim Morris
Anita Fletcher
Dora Fields
Joyce Jefferson
Phylis Gee
Barbara Friend
Elsie Daughtry
Patricia Harrell
Ralph Cogle
James Jackson

Third Row
Glen Ridout
John Wine
Tommy Dawson
Jerry McCulloch
Thomas Pond
Carlton Inge
Charles Brockwell
Wade Temple
Woodrow Traylor
Owen Johnson
Austin Green
William Mangum
John Acree

Sock and Buskin Society

President ..... Nancy Steel
Vice-President ..... Nancy Waggoner
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Barbara Newsom
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Philip Hasselvander

Left to Right

First Row
Dick Goff
Glenn Ridout
Alfred Jordon
Sonny Spain
Tommy Dawson
John McAllister
Jerry McCulloch
Dexter Street
Oliver Pamplin
Johnny Fredericks
Tommy Zaruba

Second Row
Catherine Capehart
Nancy Sanburg
Barbara Edwards
Nancy Waggoner
Nancy Steel
Barbara Newsom
Dorothy McCaleb
"Jerry" Shreeve
Shirley Jolly
Ann Thornber

Third Row
Barbara Friend
"Ennie" Pulley
Kathleen Lambert
Jean Walston
Betty Bullock
Phyllis Gee
Barbara Fisher
Doris Francis
Rosalind Mollock
Pat Van Houten
Jennie McBride
Clara Graham
Sally Knight
Frances Sherry
Jean Anthony

Fourth Row
Anita Fletcher
Merle Jones
Jane Spain
Frances Agel
Polly Leath
Barbara McFarland
Nancy Phelps
Sylvia Reames
Rosa May Boswell
Barbara Spurr
Ann Goodwin
Katherine Goodwin
Mr. Philip Hasselvander

Camera Club

President ..... Tommy Dawson
Vice-President ..... Sam Lowry
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Jean Higby
Faculty Adviser ..... Mr. Edward Congdon

Left to Right

First Row
Jean Higby
Burrell Williams
Tommy Dawson
Ann Pond

Second Row
Johnny Robertson
Charles Cardin
Charles Snyder
Bobby Haines

Third Row
Paul Lamb
Albert McCants
Sam Lowry
Mr. E. B. Congdon
Joe Kofron
John Wine
Don Traylor

F. H. A. Club

President ..... Joan Aldridge
Vice-President ..... Evelyn Radcliffe
Secretary ..... Jean Aldridge
Treasurer ..... Janet Cates
Historian ..... Gaynelle Perkinson
Parliamentarian ..... Patsy Van Houten
Reporter ..... Gay Harrison
Faculty Advisers ..... Miss Helen Page Scarborough
Miss Mary Bailey

MEMBERS

Marie Mayes
Pat Trent
Barbara Flye
Dorothy Perkinson
Frances Aldridge
Doris Frances
Alice Walker
Anna Belle Baugh
Nancy Radcliffe
Faye Pond
Phyllis Gee
Delores Cousins
Ann Poole
Joan Scott

Gloria Skelton
Mabel Logan
Patricia Harrell
Betty Wells
Nancy Perdue
Peggy Woodruff
Peggy Trollinger
Shirley Trent
Lillian Lester
Jean Landrum
Joyce Jefferson
Carole Cook
Jean Kirkland
Frances Williams

Barbara Nugent
Sally Anne Souder
Mildred Burrell
Eva Talbott
Louise Michael
Phyllis Sykes
Madeline Frazier
Barbara Magee
Cora Lee Taylor
Janet Cates
Evelyn Radcliffe
Betty Goddard
Gaynelle Perkinson
Jean Aldridge

Gay Harrison
Shirley Hill
Betty Jane Simmons
Cynthia Royal
Patsy Van Houten
Mary Bugg
Mildred Chappell
Jean Aldridge
Anne Blankenship
Beverly Whiting
Lucy Pinkelton
Joyce Turner

The Distributive Education Club

Adviser: Miss Evelyn Colie

Standing Left to Right

Joe Kofron
Hunter Aldridge
Robert Jolly
William Lester
Virginia Pickering
William Yancey
Peggy Daughtry
Pat Van Houten
Raymond Mann
Walter Sirles
"Sonny" Walker
Alfred Jordan
Bobby Harvell
Gerald Martin
Thomas Lucas

Seated Left to Right

Miss Evelyn Colie
Helen Harrison
David Orrell
James Denson
Philip Stigall
Tommy Gates
Elton Stell

Commercial Club

President ..... Anist Tucker
Vice-President ..... Barbara Flowers
Secretary ..... Betty Simmons
Treasurer ..... Cynthia Royal
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Janie Lee Reynolds

Left to Right

First Row
Betty Nemecek
Jean Coley
Mary Bugg
Shirley Hill
Madeline Frazier
Anist Tucker
Barbara Tackett
Peggy Hawkins
Jean Picardat
Ann Poole
Jean Walston

Second Row
Mary Alice Kirkland
Joyce Stark
Mary Ann Crawford
Evelyn Gibbs
Dorothy Ridout
Rose Marie Currin
Barbara Webb
Joyce Turner
Nancy Cheek
Betty Shakelford

Third Row
Jean Walker
Nancy Ezell
Barbara Byrd
Jean Bunker
Gaynelle Perkinson
Betty Jane Simmons
Barbara Flowers
Doris Curlin
Nancy Bugg
Annie Mae Flowers
Lottie Gray Fisher
Lois Funk

Fourth Row
Joyce Ann Gill
Jean Shortt
Dorothy Stewart
Jeanette Hood
Jeannine Flowers
Cynthia Royal
Joyce Keys
Ann Pond
Barbara Harrison
Shirley Crumpler

Fifth Row
Fred Worrell
Leonard Lewis
Wilbur Gay
Virginia Frank
Barbara Procise
Miss Janie Lee Reynolds
June Green
Bernice Spain
Jean Slaughter
Sydnor Thompson
Oliver Pamplin
David Orrell

Latin Club

Fall Semester

President ..... Joanne Stevens
Vice-President ..... Ann Tunstall
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Eleanor Harwell

Spring Semester

President ..... Rosalind Mollock
Vice-President ..... Dale Richards
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Joyce Long
Faculty Advisers ..... Miss Mary Perkins, Miss Laura Meredith

Left to Right

First Row
Eleanor Harwell
Joanne Stevens
Ann Tunstall

Second Row
Pat Remeny
Dorothy Pillow
Anne Ozmore
Joyce Welch

Third Row
June Simmons
Mary Jane Thompson
Elizabeth Harville
Rosalind Mollock
Irene Pettijohn
Gracia Mason
Joyce Munford
Leonie Burks
Dorothy McCaleb

Fourth Row
Loretta Wise
Mary Williams
Jean Kimball
June Pond
Delight Strole
Ann Fitzgerald
Dale Richards
"Kitty" Davis
Jimmy Whiteman

Fifth Row
Seaton Smith
H. L. Ford
Weldon Smith

Spanish Club

Fall Semester

President ..... Preston Harrison
Vice-President ..... Betsy Hesse
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Ann Tunstall

Spring Semester

President ..... Wade Temple
Vice-President ..... Pat Remeny
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Jean Elmore
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Gladys E. Wilkinson

Left to Right

First Row
Miss Gladys Wilkinson
Ann Tunstall
Preston Harrison
Betsy Heese

Second Row
Lena Simmons
Delight Strole
Marjorie Unger
Jean Elmore
Pat Remeny

Third Row
Bobby Atkins
Clabe Lynn
Fred Mason
Jack Parrish
Freddy Bisger
Bobby Smith

Fourth Row
Joyce Lanier
Charlotte Meredith
Mildred Ann Davis
Ann Fitzgerald
Carolyn Wohlhueter
Nancy Jordon
Nancy Butler

Girls' Athletic Monogram Club

Fall Semester

President ..... Julia Birdsong
Vice-President ..... Mildred Burrell
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Ann Fischer

Spring Semester

President ..... Mildred Burrell
Vice-President ..... Lola Vaughan
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Ann Fitzgerald
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Ann Van Landingham

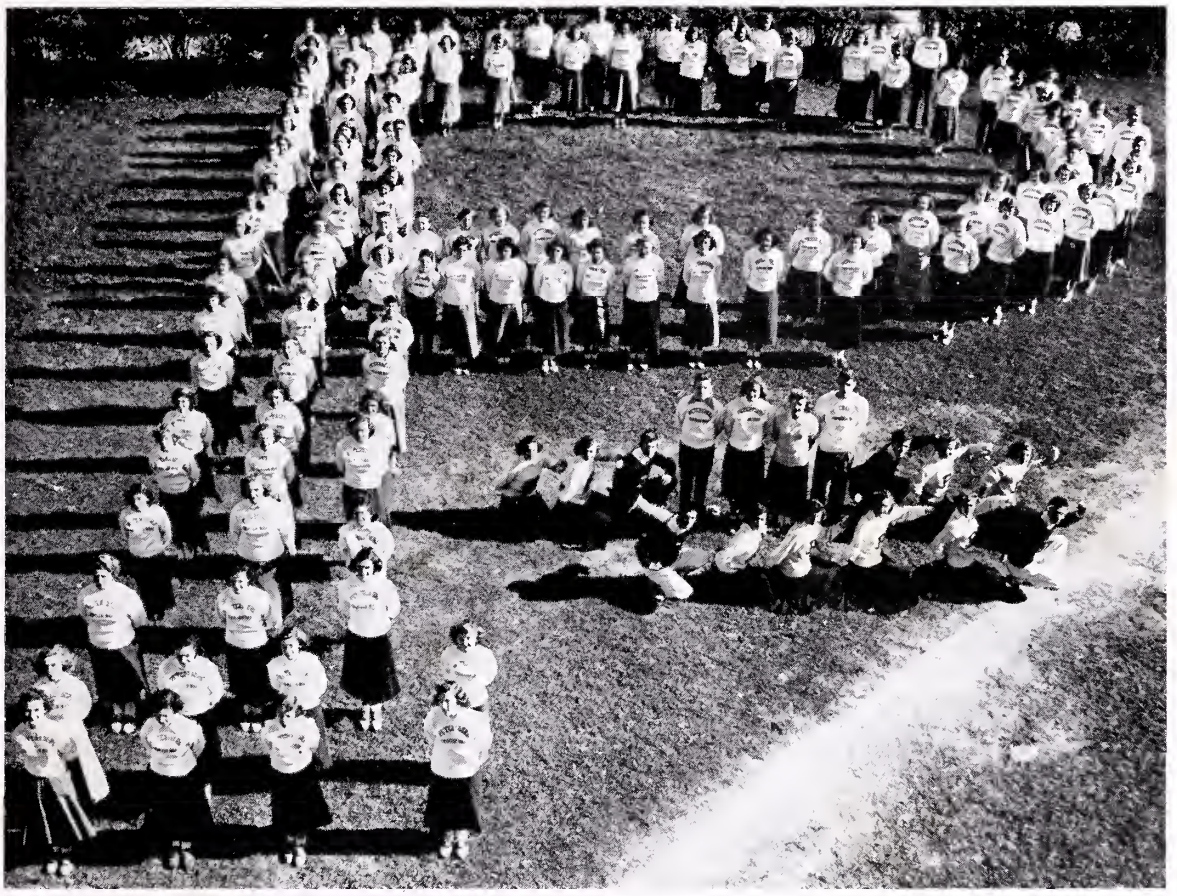
Left to Right, Clockwise

First Row
Julia Birdsong
Mildred Burwell
Ann Fischer

Barbara Bolte
Ann Fitzgerald
Judy Morris
Evelyn Radcliffe
Lola Vaughan

Betty Sheffield
Marjorie Gibbs
Edna Mae Hubbard

To Side
Miss VanLandingham



CHEER LEADERS

Left to Right

First Row

Pete Zapulla
Ann Redmond
"Ennie" Pulley
Sylvia Reames
Ann Day
Jerry McCulloch

Second Row

Laura Mae Reames
Barbara Spurr
Carlton Inge
Bobby Scott
Louise Coffey
Gloria Fenderson
Charles Sherry
Howard Mizelle
Rosa May Boswell
Betty Nance

Pep Club

President ..... Louise Coffey
Vice-President ..... Bobby Scott
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Charles Sherry
Marching Leader ..... Gloria Fenderson
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Mary Bailey

MEMBERS

Bertha Bryant
Loretta Harris
Billy Lamb
Ann Yancy
Jeannine Fenderson
Jack Gray
Nancy Sanburg
Paul Williams
June Green
Ruth Partin
Barbara Flye
Barbara Jones
Jeanne Higby
Clara Graham
Frances Sherry
Jean Talley
Nancy Crowther
Phyllis Kamm
Tommy Berry
Billie Ridenour
Sarah Jane Ellis
John Hamlin
Mildred Hall
Alice Walker
Frank Strailman
Anita Fletcher
Winnie Mayton
Rosalind Mollock
June Pond
Billy Ritchie
Doris Francis
Eunice Grizzard
Elizabeth Williams
Katherine Goodwyn
Ann Poole

Joan Scott
Wanda Odom
Ann Smitz
Delores Cousins
Maria Moscoso
Ann Shortt
Donald Nobles
Jean Seay
Lev Henderson
Jean Picardat
Jean Walston
Nancy Perdue
Mary Edgerton
Kay Sullivan
Betty Wells
Peggy Woodruff
Donald James
James Byrd
Frances Bennett
Shirley Cole
Peggy Trollinger
Catherine Capehart
Anne Lee Oliver
Mary Ann Peterson
Mary Ann Cousins
Janet Doss
Dick Crosby
Betty Sullivan
Caroll Cook
Jean Kirkland
Elsie Daughtry
Jean Landrum
Sally Knight
Ronnie Smith
Rheta Burke

John King
Doris Curlin
Frances Williams
Betty Lou Martin
Carlton Barnes
Anne Ozmore
Betty Lou Fuller
Shirley Pecht
Burrell Williams
Charlene Kinker
Kitty Davis
Jennie McBride
Peggy Parrish
Shirley Jolly
Barbara Webb
Louise Coffey
Annie May Flowers
Lottie Fisher
Barbara Nugent
Mildred Burrell
Bernice Spain
Virginia Bowery
Barbara Harrison
Eva Talbott
Sherrill Seymour
Connie Fockler
Kenneth Jones
Tommy Adkins
Seaton Smith
Mary Kirkland
Mary Jane Thompson
H. L. Ford, Jr.
Betty Bullock
Anne Goodwyn
Barbara Bristow
Jean Funk

James Horan
Dale Richards
Barbara Tackett
Rose Marie Currin
Jean Slaughter
Sam Lowry
Phyllis Sykes
Joyce Keys
Jean Anthony
Barbara Williamson
Cora Lee Taylor
Barbara McGee
Joyce Stark
Joan Evans
Oliver Pamplin
Madeline Frazier
Leonie Burke
Haskell Counts
Lloyd Guerin
Ruth Wise
Joseph Mersel
Evelyn Radcliffe
Janet Cates
Jean Aldridge
Virginia Johnson
Martha Eanes
Betty Goddard
Gaynelle Perkinson
Evelyn Gibbs
Jean Bunker
Irwin Goldberg
Dorothy McCaleb
Annette Moody
Charles Sherry
Bunny Calahan

Loretta Wise
Buddy Gill
Mary Ann Crawford
Nancy Bugg
Ann Pond
Barbara McFarland
Elizabeth Lundie
Betty Simmons
Cynthia Royal
Barbara Byrd
Louise Michael
Pat Remeny
Mildred Chappell
Joan Aldridge
June Simmons
Jane Spain
Merle Jones
Bobby Scott
Barbara Newsom
Mildred Ann Davis
Barbara Edwards
Pat Abbott
Gloria Fenderson
Edith Moody
Joanne Stevens
Jean Kimball
Lucy Pinkleton
Nancy Ezell
Ann Fischer
Lois Maile
Marie Unger
Davidina Partin
Jean Elmore
Bobby Pittard
Betty Lou Radcliffe

Square Circle

President ..... Pat Bain
Vice-President ..... Louise Coffey
Secretary ..... Susan Seward
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Delores Peck

Left to Right

First Row
Patricia Bain

Second Rod
Louise Coffey
Susan Seward
Eleanor Harwell
Lisa Goodman

Third Row
Frances Reese
Nancy Waggoner
Margery Lloyd

Fourth Row
Mary Jane Thompson
Frances Agel

Fifth Row
Ann Williams
Delight Strole
Dale Richards

Sixth Row
Nancy Deibert
Carolyn Harville

Seventh Row
Miss Delores Peck
Judy Morris

Seated on Side
Jean Fear
"Gigi" Williams
Sarah Jane Ellis
"Billie" Ridenour

Odd Girls Club

President ..... "Winnie" Dunnavant
Vice-President ..... Sylvia Reames
Treasurer ..... Ann Redmond
Secretary ..... Jeannine Fenderson
Fall Term Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Frances Evans
Spring Term Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Catherine Hogge

Left to Right— First Row

Ann Day
Jeannine Fenderson
Winnie Dunnavant
Sylvia Reames
Ann Redmond
"Ennie" Pulley

Second Row

Virginia Johnson
Kay Sullivan
Barbara Spurr
Betty Sullivan
Merle Jones
Rosa May Boswell
Joan Pulley
"Jerry" Shreeve

Third Row

Miss Frances Evans
Ann Joyce Downing
Gladys Mae Dunnavant
Peggy Talley
Nancy Jordan
Barbara Newsom

Goober Pep Club

Fall Semester

President ..... Betsy Hesse
Vice-President ..... Shirley Jolly
Secretary ..... Nancy Steel
Treasurer ..... Laura Mae Reames

Spring Semester

President ..... Nancy Steel
Vice-President ..... Bunny Callahan
Secretary ..... Laura Mae Reames
Treasurer ..... Sally Souder

Left to Right

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Frances Sherry	Clara Graham	Jenny McBride
Sally Knight	Sally Souder	Jerry Tahash
Nancy Steel	Ann Thornber	Pat Abbott
Betsy Hesse	Laura Mae Reames	Shirley Williams
Shirley Jolly	"Bunny" Callahan	Joan Evans
Betty Nance	Gail Teese	
Nancy Sanburg	Jean Anthony	

Meade Hi-Y Club

Fall Semester

President ..... Preston Harrison
Vice-President ..... Charles Snyder
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Howard Mizelle
Chaplain ..... Weldon Smith
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Christopher Neil Wamsley
Advisers ..... Mr. Gregory Mann, Mr. M. C. Davidson

Spring Semester

President ..... Charles Holleman
Vice-President ..... Charles Snyder
Secretary ..... Bobby Pittard
Treasurer ..... Sam McEwen
Chaplain ..... Lloyd Guerin
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Dick Vaughan
Advisers ..... Mr. Gregory Mann, Mr. M. C. Davidson

Left to Right—Seated
Howard Mizelle
Weldon Smith
Preston Harrison
Charles Snyder
"Bud" Walmsley

Standing
Mr. M. C. Davidson
Jerry de la Rosa
Dick Vaughan
Charles Holleman
Sam Lowry
Charles Brockwell
"Cig" Howerton
Charlie Barham
Bobby Pittard
Guy Rose
Bobby Sheffield
Billy Brockwell
Sam McCurrin
Bobby Adkins
Lloyd Guerin
Mr. Gregory Mann

Cockade Hi-Y Club

President ..... Freddy Bisger
Vice-President ..... Billy Lamb
Treasurer ..... Bobby Scott
Secretary ..... Bobby Haines
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Kenneth Holt
Chaplain ..... Seaton Smith
Adviser ..... Mr. Bill Cato

Left to Right

First Row
Freddy Bisger

Second Row
Sonny Ralston
Bobby Haines

Third Row
Bobby Scott
Kenneth Holt
Seaton Smith

Fourth Row
Bruce Moore
Charles Sherry
Bob Rennicks
George Harvey
Mac Francis
Bill Hutto
Billy Lamb

Fifth Row
James Brantley
Pete Zapulla
Dexter Street
Irwin Goldberg
Allan Ramsey
Preston Minton
Franklin Wawner

Sixth Row
Bill Cato
Bobby Berry
Carlton Inge
Billy Allen
Bobby Lockett
David Graham
Jimmy Kirkland
Paul Lamb
Pete Mann

K. Warner Tri-Hi-Y

President ..... Polly Leath
Vice-President ..... Elizabeth Harvell
Secretary ..... Dorothy Pillow
Treasurer ..... Joanne Stevens
Chaplain ..... Shirley Hill
Faculty Advisers ..... Miss Shirley Saunders
Miss Helen Page Scarborough

Left to Right

First Row
Merle Jones
Elizabeth Harvell
Polly Leath
Dorothy Pillow
Joanne Stevens
Shirley Ann Cole

Second Row
Martha Ann Warren
Mill Gallian
Nancy Phelps
Carolyn Dimirack
Betty Lou Warren
Shirley Hill
Jean Landrum
Betty Lou Martin
Miss Shirley Saunders
Miss Helen Scarborough

Third Row
Nancy Hawkins
Jane Spain
Barbara McFarland
Jean Jones
Shirley Seward
Barbara Edwards
Shirley Perkins

T. Albright Tri-Hi-Y Club

Fall Semester

President ..... Erline Pulley
Vice-President ..... Jean Fear
Secretary ..... Winifred Dunnavant
Treasurer ..... Davidina Partin
Chaplain ..... Rosa May Boswell
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Pat Bain

Spring Semester

President ..... Geraldine Shreeve
Vice-President ..... Betty Nance
Secretary ..... Shirley Jolly
Treasurer ..... Rosa May Boswell
Chaplain ..... Davidina Partin
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Catherine Hogge

Left to Right
First Row
Erline Pulley

Second Row
"Winnie" Dunnavant
Jean Fear

Third Row
Davidina Partin
Patricia Bain
Rosa May Boswell

Fourth Row
Marjorie Lloyd
Shirley Williams
Susan Seward
"Jerry" Shreeve
Barbara Spurr
Louise Coffey

Fifth Row
Ann Redmond
Ann Day
Nancy Waggoner
Betsy Hesse
Miss Catherine Hogge
Sylvia Reames
Ann Thornber
Shirley Jolly
Nancy Steel

Pense Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Semester

President ..... Joyce Boughton
Vice-President ..... Clara Graham
Secretary ..... Sally Knight
Treasurer ..... Dale Richards

Spring Semester

President ..... Clara Graham
Vice-President ..... Mary Ann Crawford
Secretary ..... Nancy Bugg
Treasurer ..... Jean Anthony

Left to Right

Joyce Boughton
Dale Richards
Connie Fockler
Evelyn Gibbs
Elizabeth Williams
Sarah Jane Ellis
Joan Evans
Barbara Jones
Joyce Keys
Leona Burks
Nancy Bugg
Mary Ann Crawford
Frances Sherry
Jenny McBride
Mary Jane Thompson
Lucille Rudy
Jean Anthony
Katherine Capehart
Mary Bugg
Louise Michael
Barbara Byrd
Sally Knight
Clara Graham

Library Staff

Fall Term

President ..... Nancy Bugg
Vice-President ..... Sandra Lea
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Lola Vaughan

Spring Term

President ..... Philip Siegle
Vice-President ..... Caroline Wohlhueter
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Lola Vaughan
Faculty Adviser ..... Mrs. Gladys Barreto

At Desk
Sandra Lea (standing)
Nancy Bugg (seated)
Lola Vaughan
Philip Siegle

At Table
Front Row
Naomi Fulcher
Elizabeth Nemecek
Norma Moore

Back Row
Shirley Holland
Pat Trent
Sarah Spain

Standing
Front Row
Mrs. Barreto
George Porter
Ann Pond
Joe Kidd
Eva Talbott
Jeannine Flowers
John Frederick
Catherine Capehart
Jean Walston
Beverly Whiting
Helen Harrison
Oliver Pamplin

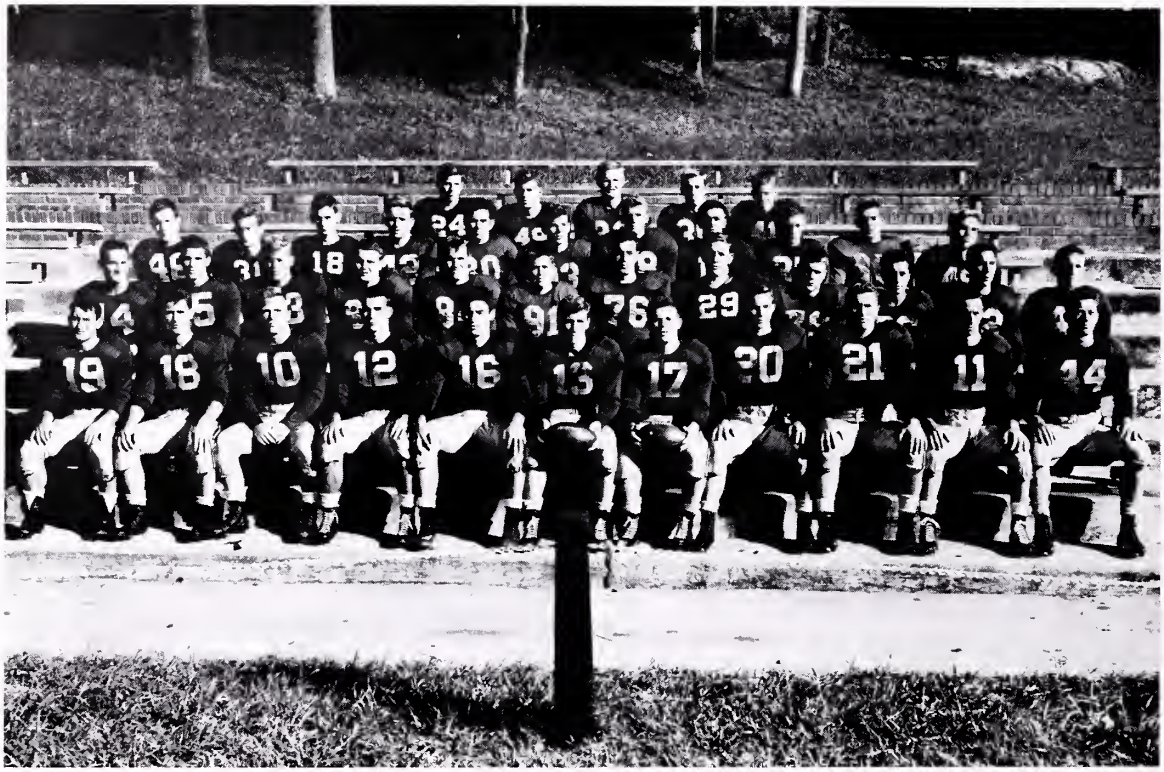
Back Row
Richard Crosby
Harrison Ethridge
Donald Nobles
Lee Arpaia
Dan Griffith
Sydnor Thompson

Cheer Leaders

Head Cheer Leader ..... "Ennie" Pulley
Mascot ..... Sheila Kitchen
Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Mary Bailey

First Row
Laura Mae Reames
Barbara Spurr
"Andy" Day
"Winnie" Dunnavant
Sheila Kitchen
"Ennie" Pulley
Ann Redmond
Sylvia Reames
Rosa May Boswell
Betty Nance

Second Row
Carlton Inge
Pete Zapulla
Jerry McCulloch
Henry Simmons
Howard Mizelle



Football Team

Co-Captain ..... Robert Spivey
Co-Captain ..... Edward Halbert
Manager ..... Bobby Adkins
Coaches ..... Roland C. Day, Robert Kilbourne, Robert Eason, William Safko

First Row
"Shaky" Davis
Richard Burton
"Bud" Walmsley
Weldon Smith
Preston Harrison
Edward Halbert
Robert Spivey
"Bobby" Atkins
"Bobby" Berry
"Rudy" Cogle
Ralph Rogers

Second Row
Raymond Tyus
"Cig" Howerton
"Sough" Jones
Charlie Williams
Peter Robinson
Kenneth Holt
Leon Wilkinson
Ralph Cogle
"Danny" Graham
Harry Brownlee
Alvin Sheffield
"Tinky" Williams

Third Row
John McAllister
Bruce Moore
Morris Barlow
"Bobby" Lockett
Gilbert Dance
Billy James
"Pete" Mann
"Buddy" Rawlings
"Bobby" Haines
Jerry de la Rosa
John Myers
Dick Vaughan
Joseph Cizek
W. F. Dance
George Willis

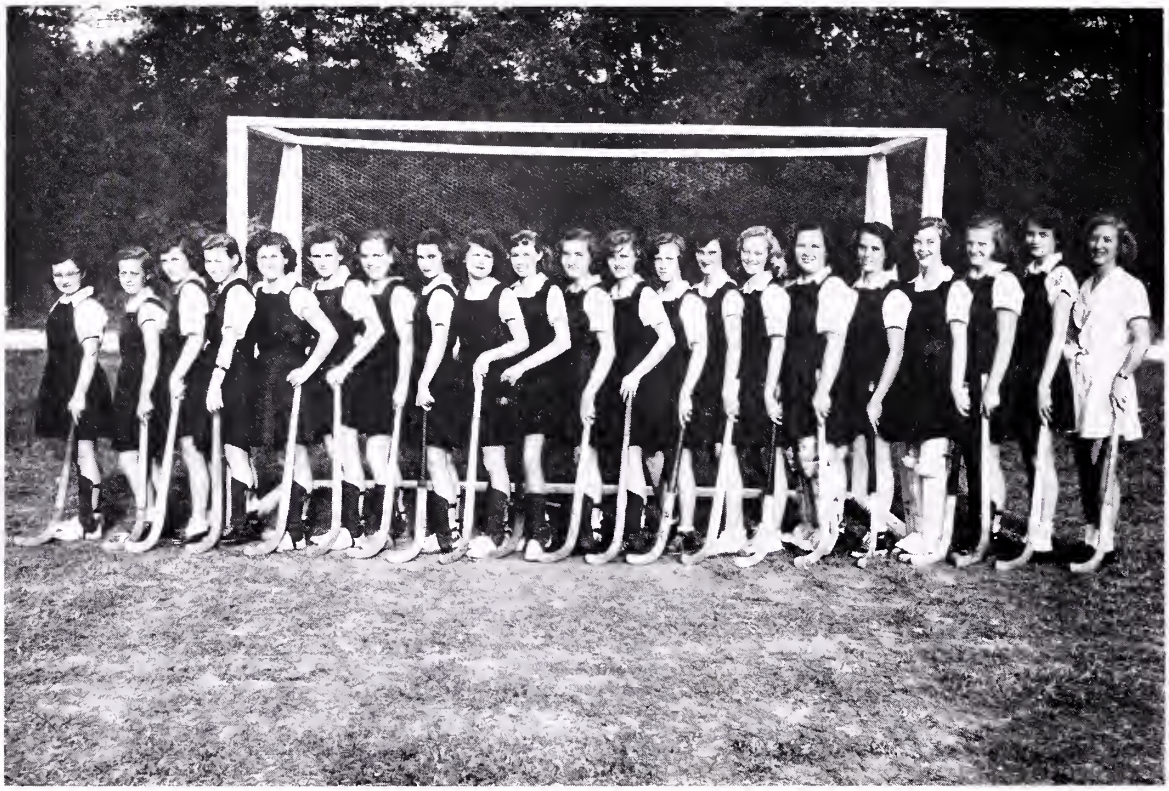
Basketball Team — 1950

Captain ..... Dexter Street
Manager ..... "Sonny" Spain
Coach ..... "Bob" Kilbourne

Left to Right

First Row
"Tinky" Williams
"Rusty" Blankenship
"Sonny" Spain
Jerry McCulloch
Lloyd Guerin

Second Row
Jim Hurst
Preston Minton
Kenneth Holt
"Snooky" Wawner
Rex Hoyle
"Cig" Howerton



Girls' Field Hockey Team — 1949

Co-Captain ..... Marjorie Gibbs
Co-Captain ..... Ann Fitzgerald
Coach ..... Miss Ann Van Landingham

Left to Right

Catherine Blair
Janie Skelton
Jean Seay
Marjorie Gibbs
Mildred Burrell
Barbara Friend
Barbara Bolte
Louise Michael
Eunice Grizzard
Nancy Moore
Ann Fischer
Peggy Trollinger
Betty Lou Radcliffe
Doris Burnett
Lola Vaughan
Ann Fitzgerald
Pat Wells
Judy Morris
Evelyn Radcliffe
Frances Reese
Miss Van Landingham

Girls' Basketball Team — 1950

Co-Captain ..... Lola Vaughan
Co-Captain ..... Jean Fear
Co-Manager ..... Nancy Cheek
Co-Manager ..... Eunice Fitzgerald
Coach ..... Miss Ann Van Landingham

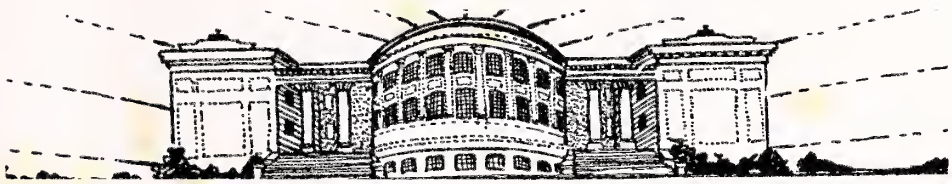
Left to Right

First Row
Miss Van Landingham
Betty Sheffield
Vera Bryant
Evelyn Radcliffe
Lola Vaughan
Jean Fear
Frances Reese
Davidina Partin
Marjorie Gibbs

Second Row
Jean Kimball
Ruth Anna Taylor
Shirley Hill
Joan Aldridge
Jean Aldridge
Barbara Bolte
Ruth Partin
Carrie Henry
Nancy Cheek

Third Row
Eunice Grizzard
Joyce Keyes
Carolyn Dimerack
Jean Landrum
Barbara Harrison
Faye Pond
Delores Cousins
Betty Lou Radcliffe
Barbara Nugent
Betty Lou Martin

AUTOGRAPHS



Petersburg High School

PAST AND PRESENT

1868 1950

foreword...

BY GEORGE HARVEY

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL, as we know it today, is the culmination of over eighty years of determined efforts of the far-sighted citizens of Petersburg to make the vision of better education for their children a living reality. It is our purpose in this issue to present to you, the reader, a picture of the development of Petersburg High School from its humble beginning in 1868 to its glorious present in 1950. We hope that all who read the Historical Section of *The Missile* will find it an interesting and enlightening account of the founding and growth of our school and all phases of school life, both past and present. In an effort to make this section of *The Missile* of special interest to the students, much emphasis has been placed on the description of Petersburg High School as it is today, including athletics and the many other extra-curricular activities the students are engaged in.

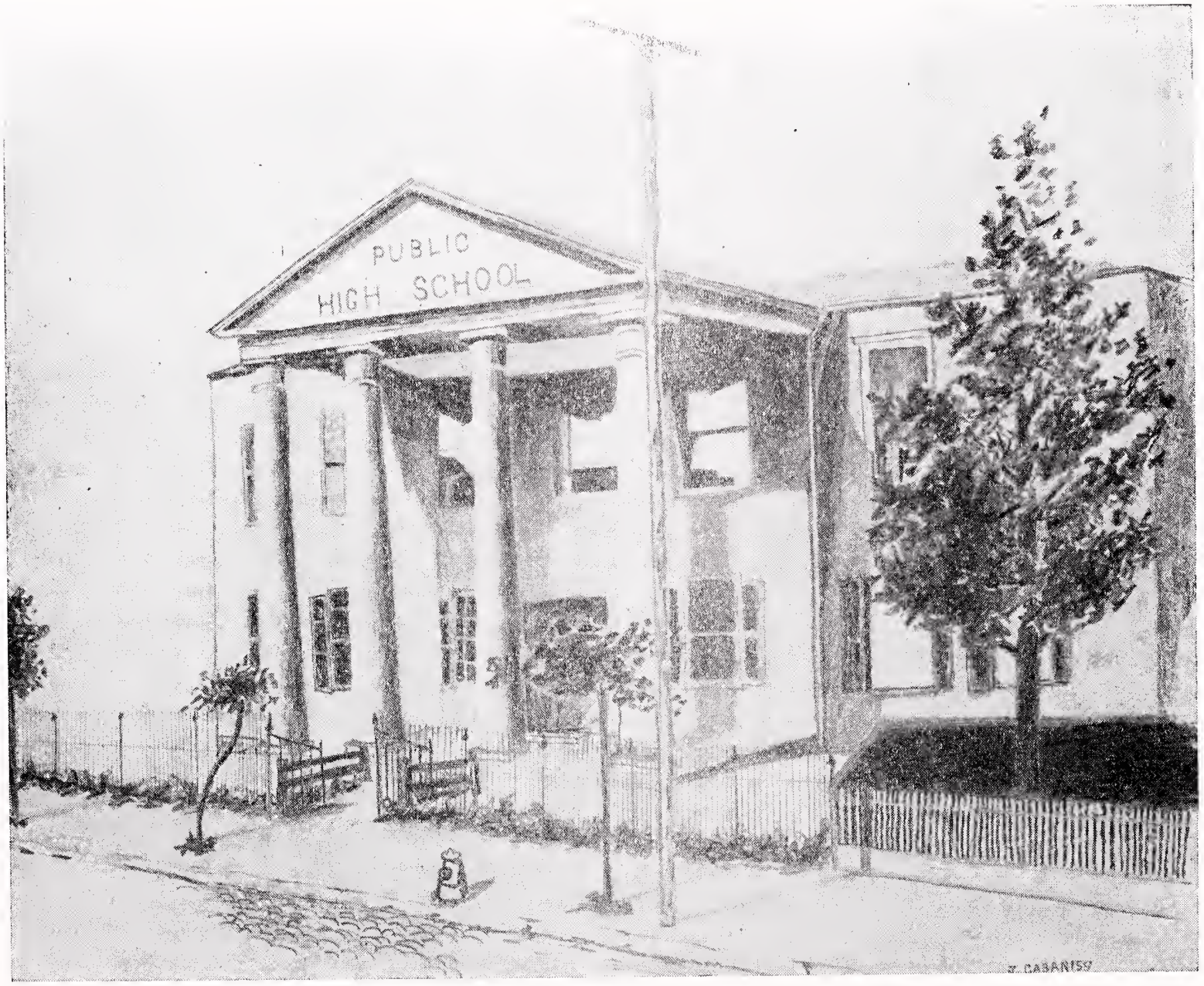
Free public education was instituted in Petersburg by a bequest in the will of David Anderson of this city. The first high school was opened in 1868 on Union Street, and two courses were organized in 1770: an "English and Mathematics Course," and a "Classical Course." From 1876 to 1907, Miss Anna P. Bolling served as principal. In time, the High School became overcrowded, and as a result, it was moved to the old Anderson Elementary School on Washington Street, the site of the present building. The curriculum underwent several changes during the first part of the century, and finally emerged consisting of four courses that the pupils could choose from: Collegiate, Scientific, English, and Commercial. Mr. W. R. Smithey, who followed Miss Anna P. Bolling as principal, served in that capacity until his resignation in 1913.

It was during these years that the Library was organized. The first issue of *The Missile* appeared in 1912, and a summer school was begun in 1913, when Mr. H. D. Wolff became principal. During his administration, the field of extra-curricular activities was broadened tremendously. Athletics came into their own at Petersburg High School, and debating and dramatics were encouraged.

Following the retirement of Mr. Wolff in 1942, Mr. John D. Meade became principal and served one year, being succeeded by Mr. Russell B. Gill, the present principal. In recent years, the Manual Arts Department has been greatly expanded, and a house near the school has been purchased and made into a home for the Home Economics Department. The Commercial and General Courses have been revised to give the students a wider choice of electives. The library has been completely remodeled and is one of the highlights of the High School.

These and many other improvements, coupled with the foresight of the wise administrators of the High School throughout the years, have made our school the wonderful organization that it is at the present.

The articles in the following section of *The Missile* have been written in an effort to bring to you, the reader, the true story of the development of Petersburg High School and what it is today—what we, the students, believe to be the finest High School in Virginia.


PUBLIC
HIGH SCHOOL

Petersburg High School 1868-1907

By RICHARD DAVIS GOFF

THE real beginning of the history of Petersburg High School, as well as secondary education in general, began in 1868. At this time Petersburg was recovering from the disastrous siege of 1864-65.

After much preliminary debate and choosing, the school board was installed with all due ceremony on June 22, 1868. R. G. Green was named president of the board.

The second meeting of the school board brought about the first concrete plans for the proposed new school system. This was the setting up of three white public schools: the Anderson Seminary, West Ward School, and East Ward School. In addition to these, the new high school was to be situated on Union Street. They also decided to make the school year ten months, September through June.

Mr. R. M. Cary was elected principal, with the salary of $1,500 a year. Miss Anna P. Bolling was appointed Assistant Principal and teacher.

These two were assigned to teach sixty-five pupils who had enrolled for the first year. They somehow seemed to have managed them all, however. In the summer of 1869 the school board cut the salary of the principal from $1,500 to $1,200, and Mr. Cary left as principal. Mr. S. H. Owens was elected to fill the vacant office with the salary again set at $1,500.

Under Mr. Cary and Mr. Owens, with the assistance of Miss Anna P. Bolling, there was a small group of subjects taught; however, there was no choice but to take these and only these or not go to high school at all.[1] They were Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, and Bookkeeping. In 1870 Mr. Owens changed this by setting up two courses to give the student some choice as to what he wanted, the English and Mathematics Course or the Classical Course. The youth who entered the English and Mathematics Course was given due instruction in the first year in Arithmetic, Grammar, spelling, Geography, Reading History, and Writing. In the second year he was instructed in Arithmetic, both mental and written, Grammar, Spelling, Reading, History, Algebra, English Analysis, and Writing; in the third year, in Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, English, Grammar and Analysis, History, and Bookkeeping. Those who elected the Classical Course, in addition to the requirements of the English Course, made additional stabs at culture by studying French and Latin as well as Composition and Declamation through the three year course.

After this change, the school went along as usual until 1871, when Mr. Owens was appointed Superintendent of the Petersburg Public School System. Mr. Halyburton succeeded him that year and served until 1873, when he was moved to the chief colored school. Mr. Venable was put in his place and served as principal until he retired in 1874. When Mr. Venable retired, Mr. Halyburton was brought back as principal until he retired in 1876. From January 1876 until the end of the year, Mr. R. E. Hardaway was principal. The School Board then appointed him Superintendent of Schools.

Miss Anna P. Bolling had been serving as assistant principal while the principals had come and gone, so the School Board decided to make her head of the school in 1876. However, not until 1879 was she officially appointed principal. It is interesting to note that in the eight years between 1868 and 1876 there had been five male principals serving six different terms

(1) At this time school attendance was not required. Virginia did not have a compulsory attendance law until 1907.

of office, and for thirty-one years, 1876-1907, one woman was principal, and probably a much better one than any of her predecessors.

A few years later, music was added to the list of subjects. Elocution followed music as a new subject. Teachers as well as pupils were required to take one class of elocution a week.

In 1880, under the leadership of Miss Anna P. Bolling, the school soon obtained a fine reputation, the most outstanding feature being their fine penmanship.

It should be kept in mind that during the whole period covered by this writing, 1867-1907, the number of teachers varied from two to six. At the same time enrollment increased from sixty-five pupils in 1868 to one hundred seventy-five in 1907. The few teachers must have earned what small salary they made, since they were required to teach many subjects to so many students.

The 1880's remained a quiet period in the high school, but in 1891 several new subjects were added: Drawing, Stenography, and Typewriting. In 1895 the increased enrollment forced the addition of another story to the wings of the high school. Things settled down to normal until 1906, when the faculty was increased from four to six teachers.

THE SCHOOL UNDER "MISS ANNA"

Probably the best days in the early history of the high school were the years when Miss Anna P. Bolling exercised her powers as principal and beloved teacher.

In those days, the school was run quite differently from the system used today. The pupils stayed in one room under one teacher for a year. The teacher taught all the subjects, and when they finished the first year, they went to the next room under another teacher for the second year. The third and last year was spent in the room under "Miss Anna" herself.

The students claimed that she had eyes in the back of her head, for she knew everything that went on in class. She knew whole chapters of the Bible by heart, and each morning she opened class with a long, solemn prayer. She taught her pupils honor and truth as well as book subjects. "Miss Anna" was a fine scholar and a good teacher, and she was very sympathetic and generous. She let the boys go to watch the circus parade, and she took the girls herself. She had a habit of always carrying an umbrella to school rain or shine, while she wore white stockings and high button shoes.

In class the boys sat on the right side of the room, the girls on the left side. At recess a fence divided the boys from the girls, and leaving the grounds without permission was punished by the strictest kind of discipline.

When the boys first came to high school from Anderson School, they were forced to undergo a pretty strenuous initiation. They were made to run "the gauntlet" and to go to the coal shed. The coal shed was an old building where soft coal had been stored for years. The coal dust had accumulated on the floor to a depth of six to eight inches. The boys were made to scuffle around in this dust for a while, and when they reappeared, they must have been a very funny spectacle.

There was an old iron fence in front of the old building on Union Street, and when this building was torn down, "Miss Anna" had the fence put in front of her house because every mark on the fence had been made by "her boys."

The report cards were given out every week, and "Miss Anna" always had some remark written on the card that either gave them a proud feeling or sent a pang of terror to their hearts.

When the time arrived for graduation, they went through a simple ceremony in "Miss Anna's" room. There was a little singing, a little talk and then the diplomas were given out. The graduates went on their way in life, but most probably never forgot Miss Anna P. Bolling, who helped lay the foundation for their future.

In 1907 Miss Bolling resigned as principal, and with her resignation, the initial stage in the growth of Petersburg High School ended.

Sources of Material
The Story of a High School: Petersburg, Virginia—H. A. Miller, Jr.
Secondary Education in Petersburg—Brockwell.

The writer wishes to thank Miss Annie V. Mann and Mr. Emmett H. Hoy for granting interviews on this subject.

The Story of P. H. S. 1907-1942

By DOROTHY MCCALEB

AFTER the resignation of Miss Anna P. Bolling as principal of Petersburg High School in 1907, Mr. William Smithey, now a professor at the University of Virginia, was appointed principal. At that time, there was only one course offered. Consequently, one of the first improvements Mr. Smithey made was the establishment of two courses, the Regular (college preparatory) and the Commercial. This new Commercial course consisted of Business Arithmetic, Bookkeeeping, Stenography and Typing, forming a basis for the present Commercial courses.

In 1910 four courses were established: Collegiate, for students who planned to go to Liberal Arts colleges; Scientific, for students preparing for technical schools; English, a non-college preparatory course for students who desired a liberal education; and Commercial. This has been the foundation for the school curriculum ever since. The English course has been changed to General and now has many more electives.

It is interesting to note that, on September 16, 1907, there were only 175 students in the high school not including the seventh grade. Classes were still being held in the old Classical Institute building on Union Street. This enrollment increased so greatly that, in 1911, it was necessary to move to the Anderson School building on the site of the present High School.

It was in 1910 that the library, then consisting of just a few books, was begun. And it was in 1912 that *The Missile* was started as a literary magazine, published four times a year. Gradually, it decreased to twice a year, and finally to only once.

During the year of 1910-11, night school courses were offered. They were later offered from 1919 to 1930. These classes consisted of grades one through seven, plus dressmaking and mechanical drawing.

In 1913, Mr. Smithey resigned the principalship, and Mr. H. D. Wolff, a teacher of mathematics, was elevated to that position.

This was the year during which Petersburg High School was accredited by the State Association. Also, manual training courses were added and Summer School was held for the first time.

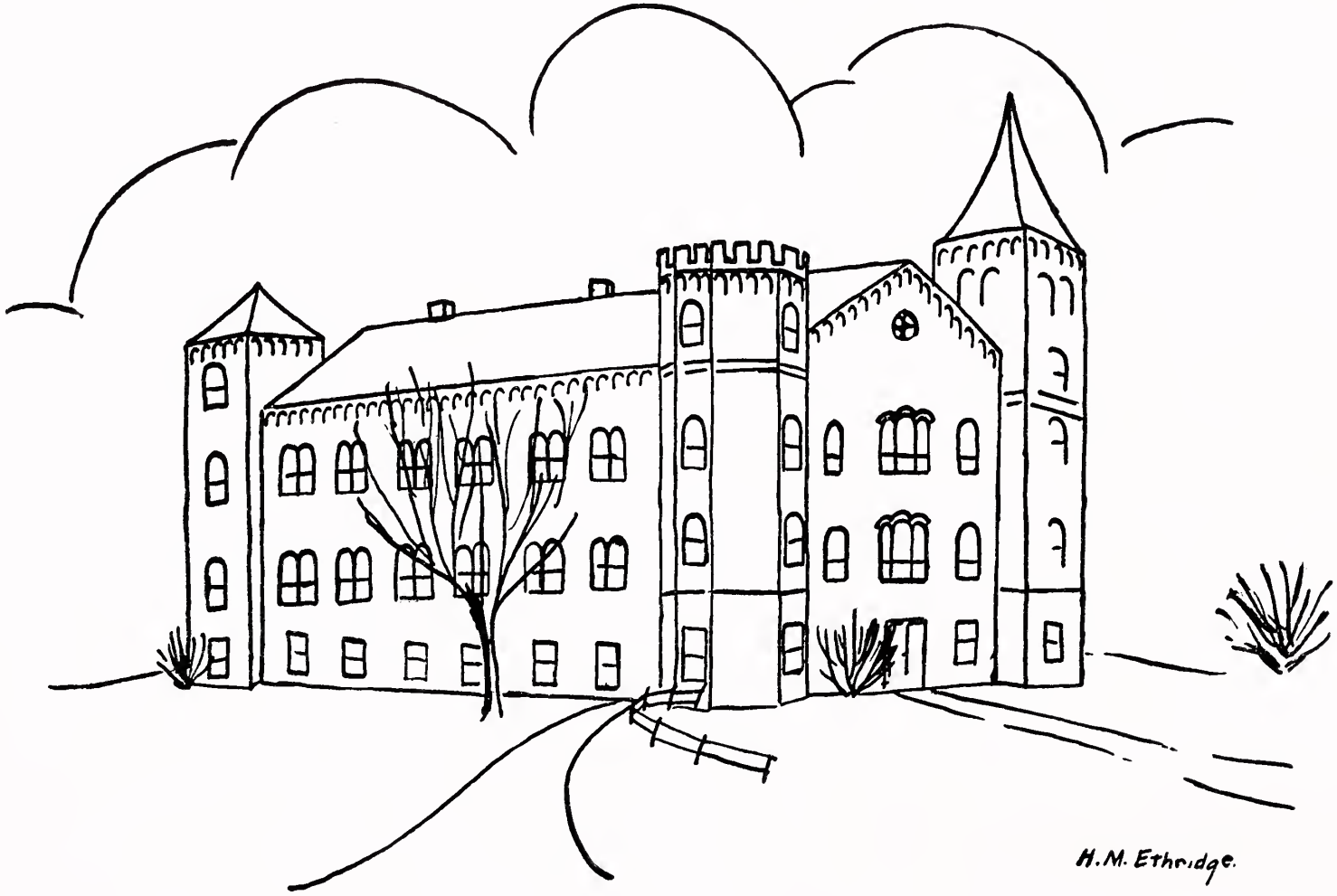
In 1913, Mr. Wolff obtained permission for the school to join the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

The High School was closed from October 1 to November 11, 1917, due to the influenza epidemic in Petersburg and vicinity. During that time it was used as an emergency hospital.

Also in 1917, the *Progress-Index* donated a page each Sunday for the "School Weekly News," which has continued to be published weekly until the present.

Physical Education was instituted in 1918, and, in the same year, a Cadet Corps was begun. In 1921, though, interest had dropped to such an extent that it was discontinued. Music courses were begun in 1919 in band, orchestra, and choral work.

In 1917-18, a new school was built on the site of the old Anderson School. The classrooms were built in the form of a "C" around the Anderson School while classes continued. When this part was completed, the old building was torn down, and the cafeteria and auditorium were built on in its place. There was not enough furniture for all the students at first, but gradually enough was acquired.


H.M. Ethridge.

An annual, *The Roulette,* was begun in 1922. It contained pictures of the graduates, class prophecy, will, etc. Under the name of each graduate and beside the picture, the activities he participated in were listed, and a little was said about the person.

In 1926, the seventh and eighth grades were moved to a new Junior High School, which was named for Miss Anna P. Bolling. Mr. J. G. Scott was made principal.

The Roulette was discontinued in 1930 when *The Missile* added certain features of the school annual.

In 1939, an addition was built onto the school. This addition contained a gymnasium, dressing rooms, and a few classrooms.

In 1942, Mr. Wolff retired and Mr. John D. Meade became the principal of Petersburg High School.

Contentment

By BOB HAINES

There are many ways to spend your days
In contentment and delight;
Some guys dream of a baseball team,
And games that last all night.

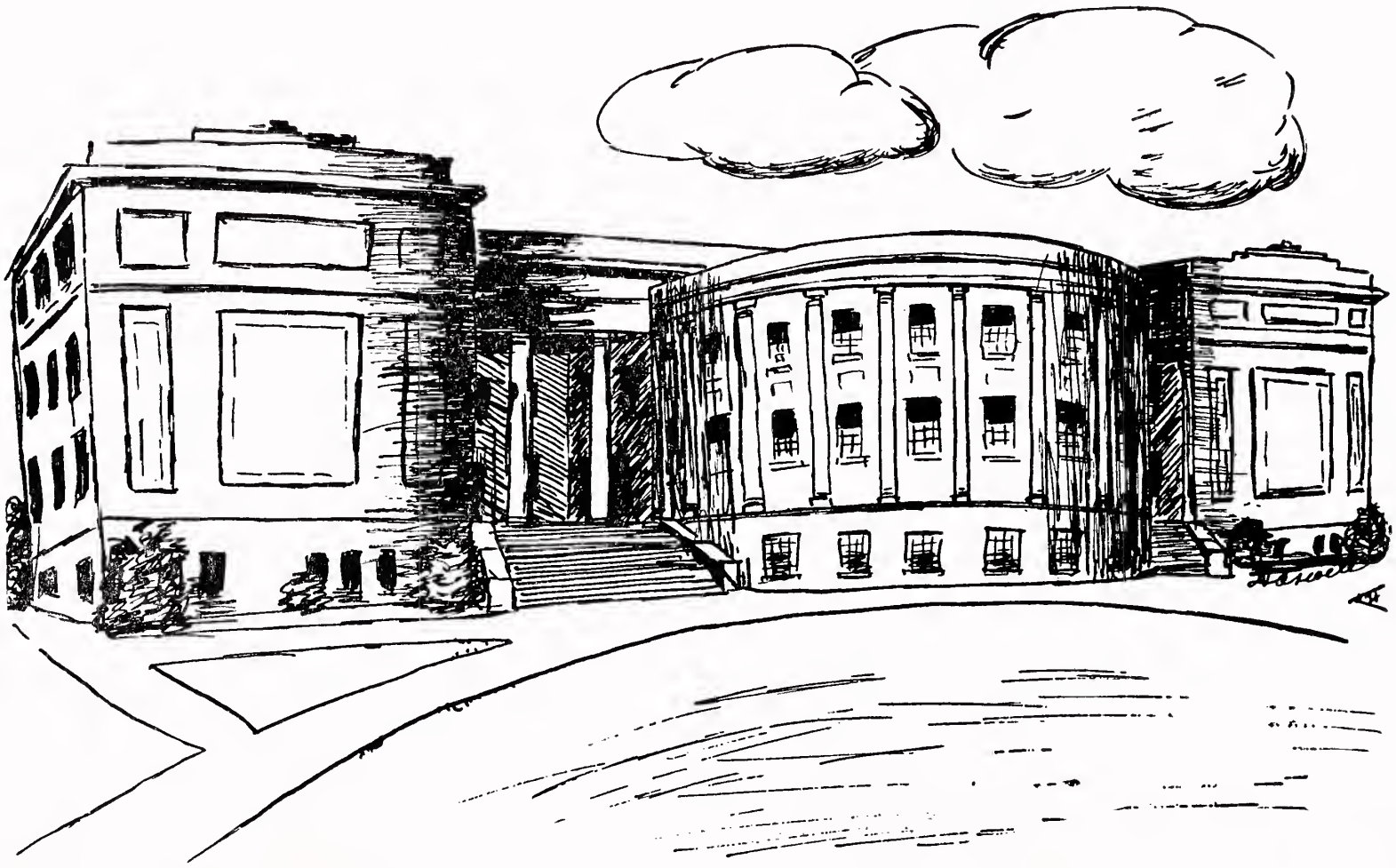
Others want a nice quiet haunt
Ineffably sublime;
To sleep and eat, stay off their feet,
And loaf away their time.

Many give in to night club din,
And social life galore,
Think parties, dances, liquor's trances
Help their life much more.

A big brass band and a clapping hand
Of circuses are for some;
They go in rich, but here's the hitch:
They come out like a bum.

To be a star, or travel afar,
A new car, "just like Jim's";
Sirloin's savor, a different neighbor
Are other people's whim's.

Maybe I'm lazy, my mind gets hazy,
When I begin to wish,
But it'd sure be fun to sit in the sun
The rest of my life, and fish.



Petersburg High School 1942-1949

By WADE TEMPLE

THE YEAR 1942 saw the liberalization of the curriculum, especially in the general and commercial courses. Prior to this time, the shop and home economics classes had been taught on a two hour a week basis which provided as much activity as a personal hobby might. This liberalization started during the administration of Mr. John D. Meade, who was principal from August of 1942 to July of 1943, and was continued under the administration of Mr. Russell B. Gill, who became principal in 1943. During this period, plans were instituted for the development of the vocational end of the school which included shop and domestic arts; also these plans included the initiation of classes in auto mechanics and metal work and courses in electricity and aeronautics, the latter two lasting only a short time. Thus the industrial arts departments, under the direction of Mr. I. B. Pittman, who is now head of this phase of the school, were placed on a working basis and taken off the play basis to which they were more or less accustomed.

The results which were hoped to be obtained from this liberalization affected the pupil's outlook on his chosen vocation in that it meant, if he were taking the General Course, it would be possible for him, through the wise choice of electives, to enter a college or a career after graduation.

The beginning of a plan to add a great many new books to the library started in 1942, and books are still being added under this setup.

Since the day of the first high school in Petersburg, which was located on Union Street where the YMCA is now, the ghost of segregation had haunted the secondary school system. It had been carried so far that behind the old school in the recreation yard, there was a fence, too high to see over, which separated the boys from the girls at recess. When 1943 rolled around this custom was kicked out the back door, so to speak. During those days it had been a punishable offense for a boy to come to the girls' end of the school or for a girl to wander to the boys' end.

During the 1944-45 term, a new constitution for the student council was drawn up providing for the nomination and election of members by the student body. Up until 1944 the council members had been nominated by the faculty and elected by the student body. The administration, considering this a rather undemocratic policy, changed the ruling to allow the pupils to nominate the representatives from their own homerooms. Each representative had to serve along with the homeroom president, and it is interesting to note if the president was a girl, the representative had to be a girl or vice versa. Since that time, however, the custom of electing a homeroom president has been dropped, and, at present, only one person is elected to the student council to be a representative from his or her homeroom. Although each homeroom has only one representative, it may have a senator to represent the grade of which it is a part.

A note of importance concerning the old student body was that, in 1942, it instituted the still functioning monitor system to control and regulate traffic in the halls of the school.

Also during the 1944-45 term, the student guidance organization was initiated. At the head of the system is the principal who, with the assistant principal, works

with the various counselors in the school. This group of faculty advisers consists of the school librarian, the student council sponsor, the teacher in charge of giving I Q and aptitude tests, and the several advisers for each grade in the school. These counselors work with and coordinate the efforts of the homeroom teachers, recheck the students' planning sheets, which are cards containing the students' classes and grades, and work with the student himself, in problems concerning his curriculum and chosen vocation. The homeroom and classroom teachers work with the student in much the same manner as the advisers, helping him in his minor problems and referring him to his adviser in a more difficult situation. Not only does the student benefit from the advice given him concerning his problems ,but he also comes to look upon his teachers and advisers as friends upon whom he can rely.

In 1925, a large house at the rear of the school was bought, but it was not until the term of 1944-45 that it was converted into two apartments of about four rooms each for the teaching of home economics. This house provides the facilities for the instruction of nearly every phase in home making.

Also during the term '44-'45 the school instituted the educational and recreational programs for the students at recess. This plan provides for the showing of various movies; some comedies, and others with a more serious purpose. These programs are continued today and are enjoyed immensely by the student body.

In the year 1946, there was a great change in the physical appearances of the offices and the library, as they were remodeled extensively and beautifully. The library, prior to 1946, had had steel shelves to house its books, and it was behind these shelves that students used to hide, creating difficulties at times. Incidentally, these shelves are still being used in the shop classes of the school. In the course of the library face-lifting, windows were put in the old dental clinic at the east end of the library, and it was changed into a very useful reference room in which all types of reference material may be found. At the other end of the library was a stack room where old issue magazines were stored. This room was converted into offices for the school librarian and the head librarian for the Petersburg public school system. In addition to the new rooms, a new ceiling and floor, new lights, and furniture were added. The furniture consisted of chairs and tables to seat 80 and book shelves to accommodate from 8,000 to 10,000 volumes. As a result of this remodeling, the library is considered one of the best in the state.

In 1946, an extra serving line was installed in the cafeteria. This line has proved its worth in saving those pupils who brought their lunches a great amount of time in buying milk to drink along with their food.

In 1946, the cloak rooms at the ends of each hall were remodeled. Before this remodeling, there had been two at the end of every hall; in the changeover, one of the rooms at each end was changed into a useful room such as a visual aid room, library room, a dramatics room (where all the stage props are stored), and several counseling rooms.

During the 1948-49 term, an evaluation committee appointed by the State Board of Education inspected every phase of the school from the physical plant to the teachers and pupils. They remained at the school from one Sunday to the next Thursday. The results showed that the school was among the best in the State. In the future, we hope that it will climb and continue to progress until, one day, it will be the best school in the Old Dominion.

The author wishes to acknowledge his appreciation for the information rendered him by the Superintendent of Schools in Petersburg, Mr. John D. Meade, and the principal of Petersburg High School, Mr. Russell B. Gill. He also wishes to thank Miss Julia Robinson for information given him on the library.

MR. GILL

SCHOOL'S OUT!

LUNCH TIME

HIS HONOR

HOME EC. BUILDING
AUTO SHOP

SEWING, HOME EC.

FOOD PREPARATION
HOME EC.

WOODWORKING CLASS

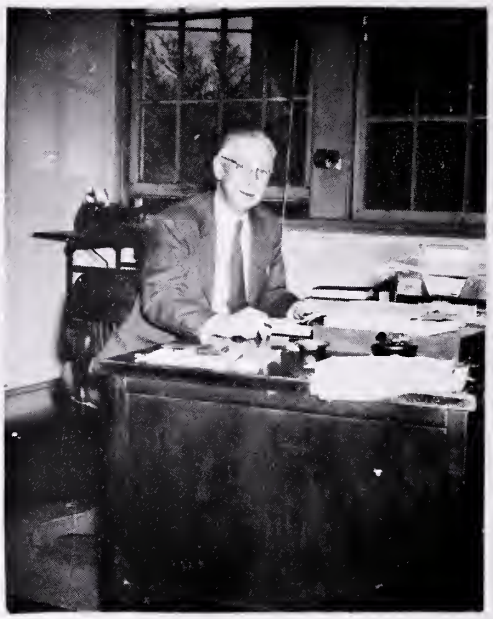
"THE GREAT BIG DOOR STEP"

MECHANICAL DRAWING

AT RECESS

METAL WORK

MR. MEADE



MR. MILLER

DISTRIBUTIVE ED.

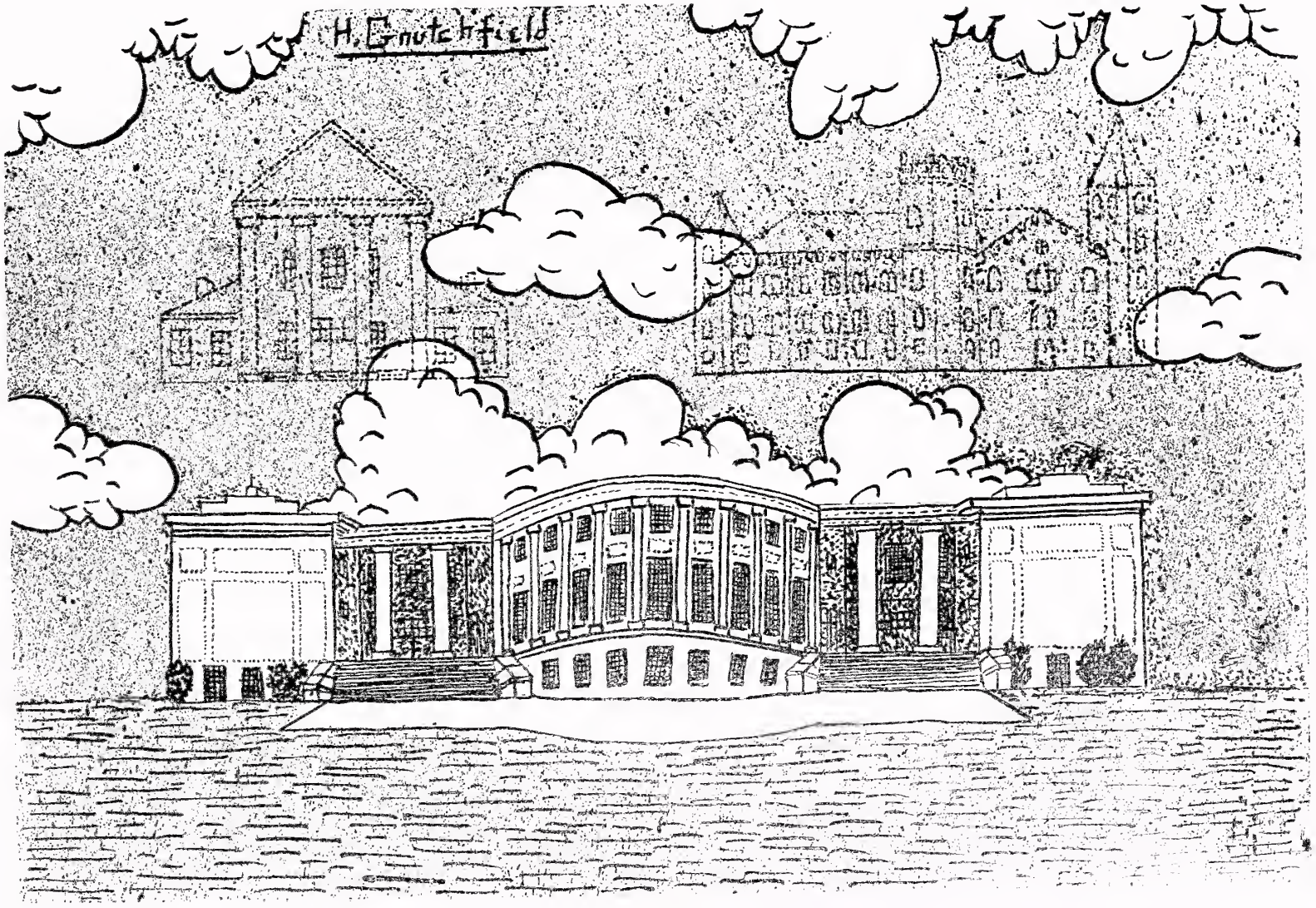
TYPING

AUTO MECHANICS

BASEBALL

"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"

CHEMISTRY LAB


H. Gnotchfield

P. H. S. Buildings Old and New

By JOAN EVANS

THE first high school in Petersburg, which opened in 1868, was located on Union Street, where the Y. M. C. A. now stands. It had originally been the old Classical Institute Building, but was bought by the city from Mr. Leroy Roper. This building consisted of one story, a number of classrooms, an assembly room, etc. To keep up with the ever-increasing enrollment, a second story and new wings were added to the school in 1895. The heating system in the school was very poor, and consequently the rooms were never heated properly.

The high school soon became too crowded and dilapidated, and so it was moved, after Easter, 1911, to the Anderson School building, located on the site where the present high school stands. This school was square in shape and had two towers on it, one of which was octagonal, the other square.

It also had a poor heating system and became crowded soon after it was opened.

In about 1915, the city set aside $140,000 for building a new high school. Several plans for the school were looked over, and one drawn by Ferguson, Caldrow, and Reid, of Norfolk, costing $150,000, was accepted. To help meet this cost, $11,000 was taken from the grammar school fund.

The school was built on the same lot where the Anderson building stood. To take care of the students while the new school was being constructed, the old Anderson school was left standing, and the new school was built around it in the shape of a C.

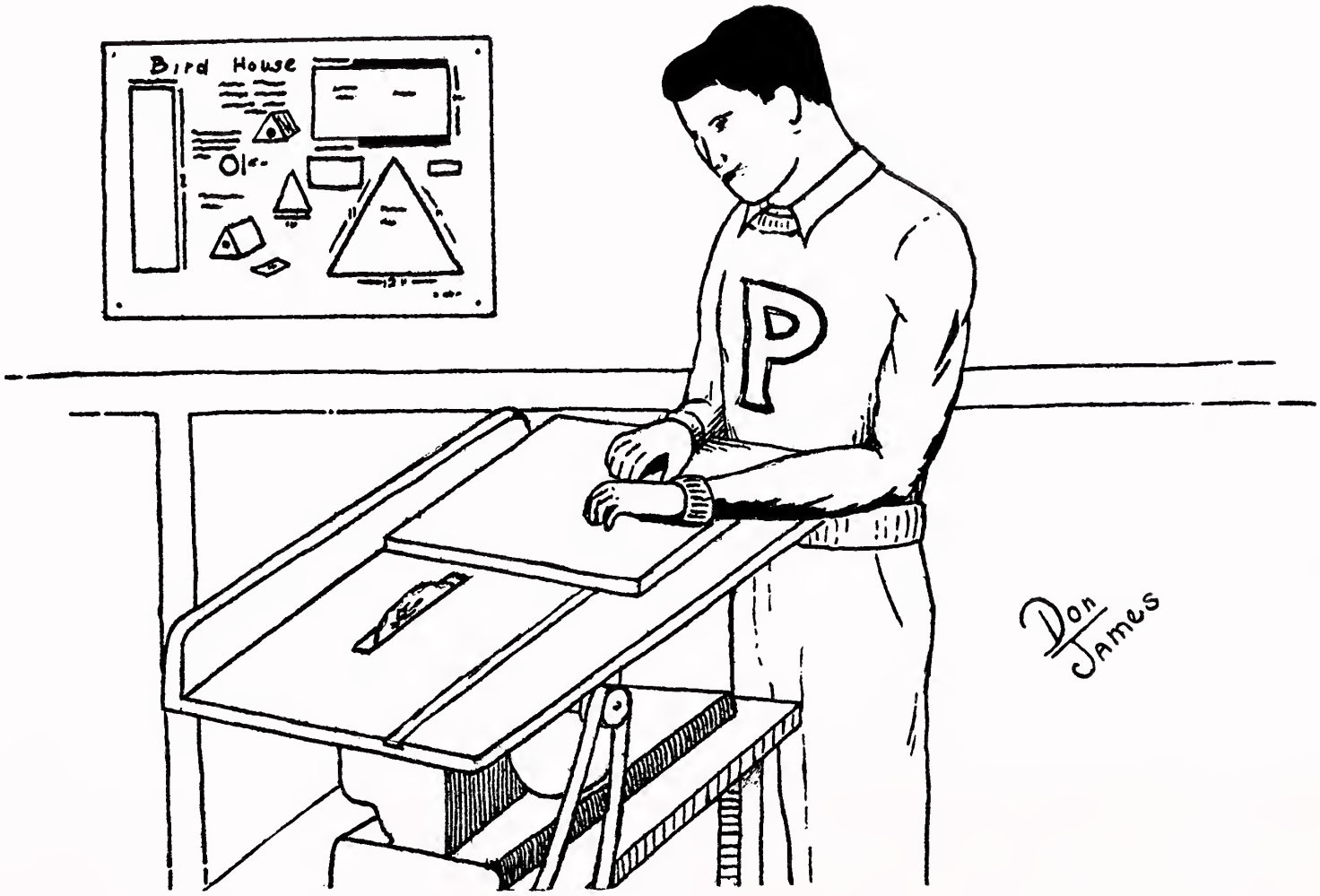
When the classrooms had been completed enough to be used, the students moved out of the Anderson building into the new school. The Anderson building was then torn down and the auditorium of the present school was built. The final cost of the building was $170,000.

The school was opened on November 27, 1917. It also became overcrowded, and an annex of two rooms was added each year from 1921-1925. Also, the three little buildings in the back of the school were used as classrooms. However, in 1927, with the building of a Junior High, the situation was relieved, and the small buildings are now used as storerooms.

In 1939, a new building was added on to the P. H. S. building. It contains a gym which seats approximately 750 people and is one of the best in the state, boys' and girls' locker rooms, several classrooms, a music room, a biology laboratory, and several offices. This building was a W. P. A. project and cost about $100,760.

In 1944, a house nearby, which had previously been bought by the school board, was made into two completely and fully furnished apartments. Home economics is now taught in this building.

The Petersburg High School of today contains about thirty-four classrooms. It has a library which contains about 7,500 volumes and a large collection of reference material. The cafeteria is located in the basement of the building, and the auditorium, which seats approximately 1,076 people, is immediately over it. There are three laboratories in the school; physics, biology, and chemistry.


Bird House
P
Don James

Departments In Review

By FRANCES REESE

INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT

UP until 1913 Petersburg High School had no Industrial Arts Department, until at a recommendation of the school board, manual training was added to the curriculum. This set off a long chain of events which has led up to the excellent department we have today.

The first manual training classes of 1913, under the direction of Mr. H. S. Sharpe, were held in the basement of the old Anderson building which was located on the site of what is now Petersburg High School. At one end of the basement was the manual training room; at the other end, the janitor's home.

At the completion of the new high school in 1919, the Industrial Arts Department acquired larger quarters, and the curriculum expanded somewhat. At this time mechanical drawing, lathe work, history of industry, and household construction were added to the course of study. Four rooms were given over to the department at this time consisting of class rooms for mechanical drawing, woodwork, machine work, and a room for storing equipment. These rooms were located in the west end of the basement.

Despite the fact that the course had been enlarged and the equipment used was good, the percentage of enrollment in these classes was not large, and the students that did elect these classes did not do so with serious intents.

This state of affairs continued with surprisingly little change up until 1942. During the intervening period, there was a large turnover of teachers. Among those best remembered are Mr. D. M. Donovan and Mr. W. H. Caldwell.

At the beginning of the war in 1942, the course of study consisted of two subjects, woodwork and mechanical drawing. The woodwork classes were equipped with enough machine for a class of ten. These machines were and had been for some time unguarded, old, and consequently dangerous, but fortunately only one serious accident occurred while these conditions prevailed.

The principal project of these classes at this time was the making of model airplanes for the government for identification purposes. There was an acute shortage of lumber, and by doing this work for the government, they were able to obtain all the lumber needed. Thus the classes were able to continue as they otherwise could not have done.

Mechanical drawing classes in 1942 were held three times one week, twice the next, in the room adjoining the woodwork room. With all the dust drifting in from the woodwork classes, it is not hard to imagine the difficulties under which these students worked. There were four students to a table, two on each side. They did their work standing up as no stools were provided, and under very poor lighting conditions. The drawing sets were good, however, and there were enough of these to accommodate a dozen students who received for their efforts one half unit per year.

Nineteen hundred and forty-three was a red letter year for the Industrial Arts Department, for then there was an arousing of interest within the entire department that started things moving again after so many years of drifting.

Two new classes were added that year: the fundamentals of electricity, and auto mechanics. These were added under a pro-

gram called "Training for Victory," the purpose of which was to familiarize men with the subjects before they were drafted.

During this same year the subject content of all the courses was expanded with the classes being taught five times a week. The credit for these courses was now one unit per year.

Plans for a metal shop were made at this time, the effects of which were to be seen two years later.

The newly added auto mechanics class was so popular and the demand so great that it was offered for the first time in summer school in 1944. Eighty-two boys applied for the class, twenty of whom could be accepted.

Fundamentals of electricity flickered to an end after a brief two years for lack of teachers and was not brought back into the curriculum.

The previously planned class in metal shop was taught for the first time in 1945 by a part time teacher, but by 1948 the demand was so great that a full time teacher was employed.

The same year auto mechanics was moved out of the basement into the building behind the school for need of larger quarters. The vacated room was used to show educational films for the metal shop and woodwork classes.

In 1946 shop math was included in the program as an experiment. The purpose was to teach a practical application of the math the students already knew. This course was entirely successful and is now a regular part of the program.

And so, after a slow but steady growth, we have the Industrial Arts Department as we know it today. Since the war the department has received approximately $13,000 worth of war surplus equipment which has been distributed among the classes. Ten years ago there were seventy-five students enrolled in this department; today there are two hundred and seventy-five despite the fact that the total school enrollment is smaller. These students elect these classes with their future in mind, because they feel that they are not wasting their time, but are learning something that will be of some use to them in the days to come.

This brings us to the question, what use will the students make of this acquired knowledge after graduation? The school does not pretend to turn out skilled craftsmen, but it does make good learners of its students. Numbers of boys go into nearby industries and do well there, so well in fact, that the industries are requesting more boys than the school is able to supply. No boy having taken classes in the Industrial Arts Department and having applied for a job through that department has failed to be employed.

THE LIBRARY

One of the most delightful spots in the entire school is that group of rooms on the second floor, the library. In its pleasant atmosphere many students have found pleasure in browsing and have been grateful for the wide variety of reading material, but before we take a glimpse into this department as it is today, let us look briefly at its past.

The old high school building on Union Street had, before 1910, a collection of books numbering about one hundred which constituted the school's first library. Shortly afterward the high schol was moved into the Anderson School on Washington Street and the library occupied the old tower room of that building. By this time the library had increased to approximately fifteen hundred volumes and expanded still further when it was moved into the new high school building in 1919. Miss Sally Robertson was then serving as the first full-time librarian.

The Benevolent Mechanics Association gave its entire library to P. H. S. and by 1925 it had 14,500 volumes in its possession. A great many of these volumes were given to the Junior High School and to the newly formed McKenney Library, and on account of this, by 1926, the total number of books had dropped to 4,500.

Little appreciative change took place in the years to come. Its volume content continued to increase, and it served the school well, but it was not until 1946 that a thorough renovation gave us the library as we know it today.

The library is composed of three rooms. The foremost and largest is the reading room where the majority of the books are found. Adjoining this at the east end is the reference room which was at one time the school's dental clinic, and at the west end of the main room is found the librarian's office, one-time school art room.

The furniture now in use was acquired at the time of the remodeling and is of the finest quality. The ceilings are soundproofed for peace and quiet and the walls are of a lime green for the same effect. Spacious windows along with fluorescent lighting from the ceiling gives an abundance of light.

The seating capacity of the library is seventy-five, and the students who come there not only have 8,000 carefully selected volumes to choose from, but have access to sixty-seven magazines and three newspapers to which the school regularly subscribes. These are well used, for the average circulation per pupil is 18.3 books a session.

Aside from being well stocked in reading material, the library has several features which are rather unusual.

A record player equipped with two sets of earphones is at the disposal of the students, and a library of records is now well under way. These records are catalogued by composer, orchestra, conductor, and artist so that the desired music is easily found.

The library has a membership to the Museum of Fine Arts which provides the school with six exhibits a year. These traveling exhibitions add greatly to the students' cultural background.

The library could not be run as it is today without the help of the students. Approximately thirty students assist the librarian in all phases of the work necessary in maintaining a library. Their duties are rotated so that the experience they gain will be diversified.

Today we have our library which has developed into one of the finest aspects of our school, not only supplying the students with the best of reading material, but also giving them invaluable training in the organization of this department.

Distributive Education

Keeping well within the trend of modern education, Petersburg High School has recently added Distributive Education to its vocational curriculum. This addition was prompted by a desire to expand the vocational possibilities of the students. Six years ago saw the beginning of this department, and since then excellent progress has been made in the development of the Distributive Education course.

The purpose of this course is to train students for retail jobs so that when they leave school, they have not only a well rounded cultural background, but also a means to earn a livelihood.

The course of study is divided into two subjects; consumer economics, which can be called an introductory subject to the more important class, distributive education. In these classes the students are taught retailing, how to display merchandise, and the psychology of salesmanship.

Their work is not all theory, however, for the students have an opportunity for practical application of what they learn. Each student works a minimum of fifteen hours a week in the local stores, during which time his work is rated by the merchants and the reports sent back to the classroom. Help and advice are given by the supervisor when called for.

Running parallel to class activities is the Distributive Education Club which offers its members many opportunities for further study which could not otherwise be undertaken. Membership is voluntary, but because of its attraction, the majority of the students are members.

The classroom, which was redecorated two years ago, is most attractive and has

been rated by authorities as the best of its kind in the state. It is built to resemble the interior of a store and is furnished with counters, show cases, display shelves, full-length mirrors, and a cash register. Local merchants supply the class with displays from time to time which are studied and discussed by the students.

These classes are filled to capacity, turning out students who not only hold fine jobs and do well, but who are also at times winning statewide recognition in this subject.

HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

The last of the departments under discussion in this series is the Home Economics Department, which is by no means the youngest of this group.

In 1906 a class in Domestic Science was offered the young ladies of the Union Street High School. This class, under the direction of Mrs. L. C. Ragland, gave instruction in cooking, but it was not until 1919 when the high school moved to the Anderson Building on Washington Street that sewing was added to the curriculum under the title of Domestic Arts. Miss Mary Hall was in charge of this class and later became head of the entire department.

The Domestic Science rooms were located in the southwest part of the building and consisted of a cooking room furnished with domestic science desks equipped with gas burners and the necessary working utensils. Adjoining the kitchen was a small dining room where the girls became familiar with the amenities of dining.

The Domestic Arts classroom was located in the east basement and was equipped with a half dozen sewing machines and an abundance of tables for working purposes. At this time the class was not given a period of its own, and the girls that took the class did so by sacrificing study periods.

In 1921 the school board purchased a residence adjacent to the school grounds which was later to be converted into apartments for use by the Home Economics classes. Before this was done, however, the building was used for various purposes, serving as an open air school for asthmatic students and later as a work center for the W. P. A. during the depression of the thirties.

In the fall of 1944 the school board converted the residence into two apartments, one on each floor, each consisting of a living room, bedroom, dining room, kitchen, sewing room, and bath.

The Domestic Science and Domestic Arts departments merged into one under the head of Home Economics, and in these fully furnished apartments amid the homelike atmosphere the girls now study, in addition to cooking and sewing, personal care, child care, and the art of entertaining.

This department is well equipped to train girls for the vocation which will inevitably be theirs some day, the art of being successful homemakers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS: The author wishes to thank Mr. I. B. Pittman, Mr. H. D. Wolff, Miss Evelyn Colie, and Mr. R. B. Gill for their kindness in granting interviews on the subject.

Athletics in Petersburg High School

By WELDON SMITH

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL has had an admirable history on the athletic field. Countless numbers of young men have had their lives enriched by the thrill of competition and the spirit of fair play which have made lasting impressions upon them. Physical fitness and good sportsmanship have always been stressed as the most significant phase of any athletics.

In the early part of the century, athletics were not recognized as an essential part of education. Therefore, during this early period, sports were given absolutely no aid by the school, and were actually frowned upon by some of the city's educational leaders.

Although there had been a baseball team and a girls' basketball team for several years before, the first time that both the school and the vicinity became conscious of competitive athletics in the High School was in 1912, when a football team was organized and sanctioned by the school authorities. This first team was led by Mr. Herbert Gilliam, who volunteered to do the coaching, and this primordial eleven astonished everyone by not tasting defeat in a single contest during the season. These stalwarts of the gridiron served as a foundation for many outstanding achievements on the athletic field of honor in the years to come.

During the period from 1912 to 1918, there were existing in Petersburg High School football, baseball, girls' basketball, and indoor relay teams, the latter organized and coached by Mr. Gilliam and Mr. H. Augustus Miller. These teams practiced anywhere they could, several years working out on the present Country Club of Petersburg grounds, until they finally settled on the McKenzie Street Ball Park. The coaching was done by members of the faculty who gave freely of their time and efforts.

One of the most outstanding accomplishments earned during these years was achieved by the football warriors of 1916. Their astounding feat is plainly and frankly stated; these lads conquered Hopewell by the highly disrespectful score of 116 to 0.

Although athletics had been increasing in popularity, the largest single step forward up to that time was taken in 1918, when the present building was erected and coaches for both boys and girls, Mr. J. F. Chadwick and Miss Anne Brillin, respectively, were secured for the express purpose of conducting physical training. In the new building was a gymnasium—the present cafeteria—and therefore a boys' basketball team was immediately organized. In the winter of 1918-19 the basketball team moved into the new gymnasium, after having practiced and played a few games on the court of the Y. M. C. A.

The opening of school in 1919 brought with it two new coaches, Mr. E. S. Krantz and Miss Inez Wells, the latter to a position she was to hold for 17 years. Mr. Krantz was boys' physical director until 1921, when he was replaced by Mr. A. D. Joyner, who stayed through 1925. Both these men handled not only the physical education classes, but also the coaching of all sports. While none of the teams during the early twenties accomplished anything astonishing, they all had outstanding records and contributed much to the school life.

A glorious new regime was inaugurated in 1926 with the coming of Mr. Roland C. Day as athletic director. Mr. Day has done much for sports and young people in Petersburg since his advent in 1926, and has dominated the sports picture in Petersburg High School up to the present time. Mr. Day has been the primary factor in the elevation of Petersburg athletics to its proper place in state sports circles.

18
29
HAINES

In 1930 football in Petersburg was made the object of attention of all the surrounding territory as a new era dawned on the horizon. This transformation was produced by the bequest of Cameron Field by the Cameron Estate. Petersburg High School suddenly discovered itself the possessor of possibly the best, and certainly the most beautiful football field in the state. As a direct result of this, plus the fact that the caliber of play had been steadily improving, both the school and the community supported the teams.

The first Day-coached eleven to win fame was in 1933, when the team captained by Will Rodgers won all twelve of its games. The next year, the Crimson Wave again had a very favorable season, wininng ten games, losing one, and tieing one. These athletes were captained by the great Eric Tipton. Big time football had arrived in Petersburg, and it was here to stay.

Mr. Day had introduced several new sports about this same time. There was a golf team from 1929 to 1935, and a tennis team from 1930 to 1940, both of which earned creditable records. The most successful of these minor sports, however, were the boxing teams. These young pugilists, coached by Mr. Day and Mr. "Doug" Myers of the University of Virginia, battled for only two years, but, despite this fact, won a second place in the South Atlantic Prep Tournament and had three South Atlantic Prep champions: Al Covington, 125-pound class; Robert Young, 135-pound class, and Harwood Smith, 165-pound class.

In 1935, the completion of Day Field put the spotlight on baseball. All during the 1930's, P. H. S. was represented by outstanding teams and performers on the diamond. The records of these Day-coached nines are indeed to be envied: 1931 (won 17—lost 3); 1932 (won 16—lost 1); 1933 (won 13—lost 3); 1935 (won 14—Lost 2); 1936 (won 16—lost 3); and 1938 (won 13—lost 3). Certainly these excellent records deserve recognition.

In 1936 another step forward was taken with the acquisition of Mr. "Buck" Brockwell of P. H. S. and Randolph-Macon as line coach. Mr. Brockwell, who stayed until 1939, was the first of Mr. Day's assistants, a force which had steadily grown larger.

The 1937 edition of the Crimson Wave football team was truly a memorable one. Led by Captain Aubrey Gill, these gentlemen of the gridiron not only didn't lose a single combat (won 10—lost 0), but also captured the state championship of the Virginia High School League. The 1939 team (won 9—lost 1—tied 1), made up of inexperienced freshmen, yet losers of only one game, was captained by Jimmy Doyle. The 1942 eleven (won 9—lost 1—tied 1), captained by "Nut" Bryant did not taste defeat in a single league encounter.

In 1941, due to many injuries during the season, the Crimson experienced the only losing season since the arrival of Mr. Day as head coach in 1926.

The only local basketball team to create much of a stir in state circles played, strangely enough, just a year before the new gymnasium was built. The 1939 quintet (won 17—lost 8) advanced to the finals of the state tournament before being eliminated. The next year, 1940, the present physical training plant was completed. In addition to the modern gymnasium, spacious dressing rooms for both home and visiting teams were constructed.

Once again P. H. S. came up with a winner. Blocking and tackling in the best Crimson Wave tradition, the 1944 eleven, led by Co-captains Oscar Wood and "Buck" Kitchen, were co-champions of Virginia. Their record, 9 wins and 1 loss, was outstanding. Another great team represented the school in 1946. This time, led by Co-captains Paul Webb and Jimmy Smith, the Wave had a 10-2 record.

Mr. Day was assisted in coaching during this period by Mr. Ed Motley of P. H. S. and William and Mary, who tutored the backfield and was head coach of baseball from 1943-1946, inclusive.

A track team, coached by Mr. Brockwell and Mr. Frank Bowers of P. H. S. and

Duke University, was formed in 1939. Mr. Bowers continued as coach through 1942 when the team was disorganized for a year. The trackmen were instructed by Mr. Bob Kilbourne of Emory and Henry from 1944 through 1949 when the team was disbanded because of lack of funds and interest. The 1947 cinder squad was perhaps the most praiseworthy, being led by Captain Frank Scott, who holds a number of local high school track records.

During the years 1940-41-42, P. H. S. athletes were given an opportunity a little out of the ordinary with the forming of a wrestling team. The grapplers, coached by Mr. Frank Bowers, accumulated a very commendable record.

Girls' athletics were gaining prominence, although still considerably overshadowed by the more popular boys' sports. Hockey, having been introduced by Miss Inez Wells in 1932, and basketball, constituted the only girls' athletics, softball still being only an intra-mural sport. Following Miss Wells, Miss Mary Van Landingham was girls' coach for one year, 1937. Beginning the next year, Miss Mary Pitts then was physical director until 1943, when she was succeeded by Miss Ann Van Landingham, the present tutor.

The 1948 lassies of the P. H. S. hockey team won the state championship, scoring a total of 25 goals to their opponents' 3, and not losing a single game in doing so. In 1949 both the hockey and softball Wavelets won championship honors, both teams losing but one game.

It is only fitting that we mention some of the men who have helped make the Crimson Wave teams great. Many who excelled have been omitted, not because of lack of merit, but because of lack of space. Therefore, we cite a few who have pursued their efforts in college and have there also been recognized as outstanding.

The first and foremost of any list of P. H. S. athletes would have to be Eric Tipton. Captain of the Crimson Wave in 1934, Tipton went on to much greater fame when he was co-captain and All-American at Duke in 1938. Noted for versatility, Tipton also excelled in baseball, and here, too, reached the top by playing several years in the major leagues.

Other outstanding high school and college stars were: Bill Spotswood, captain of P. H. S. 1929, captain of Hampden-Sydney 1933; George Smith, captain of P. H. S. 1930, captain of V. P. I. 1934; Will Rodgers, captain of P. H. S. 1933, captain of Washington and Lee 1937; Richard Boisseau, captain of P. H. S. 1935, captain of Washington and Lee 1939; Marvin Bass, P. H. S. 1938, co-captain of William and Mary 1942; and "Pop" Jackson, P. H. S. 1938, co-captain of Randolph-Macon 1942.

In 1949 the facilities of Cameron Field were greatly improved by the construction of a large commodious club house. Containing space for both visiting and home teams, the new building contributes much to the appearance and convenience of Cameron Field. Another change was made in 1949, when the baseball team changed the site of their games and practices from Day Field to the McKenzie Street Ball Park.

The last major advancement in Petersburg High School's athletic program was made in 1948 with the organization of Junior Varsity teams in football, baseball, and basketball. To train this material for bolstering the future of the Crimson Wave, and to assist in other ways, Mr. Bill Safko, of William and Mary, and Mr. Bob Eason, of Hampden-Sydney, were secured. Mr. Safko has coached the line in football, and J-V basketball and baseball; Eason has tutored J-V football and basketball, and assisted in baseball. These two capable men, along with Mr. Bob Kilbourne, backfield instructor and head coach of basketball, constitute Athletic Director Roland Day's present staff.

This is not the finish of great deeds on the Petersburg High School athletic fields. In the years that lie ahead, the Crimson Wave will continue to win great victories and to exhibit great athletes. Looking back over what has occurred, the only course for the future appears to be continued practice of the established spirit of competition and fair play.

School Publications

By NANCY DEIBERT

THE MISSILE

"Sign my *Missile!*" "Sign my *"Missile!"* As these cries ring through the halls of P. H. S. every May and June, how seldom we pause to think of the story of our magazine, which was first published about thirty-eight years ago and has quite an absorbing history.

In the autumn of 1911, a meeting of the Senior Class, which consisted of only seven girls and eight boys, was called. At this meeting Miss Maude Hobbs, one of the English teachers, proposed that the class edit and publish a monthly magazine, and although the boys and girls had always made a point of not agreeing on anything, all of the students eagerly accepted Miss Hobbs' suggestion. Many people have wondered how *The Missile* acquired its name, and there is quite an interesting story attached to that incident, which occurred at the same meeting at which they decided to form the magazine. The girls would propose name after name, only to have it voted down by the opposite sex, who were looking for a more unusual title. Finally the boys proposed *The Missile,* which was decidedly objected to by both Miss Hobbs and all of the girls, but, as the boys had one more vote, this title won out, although some of the others were much more suitable.

Charles Edgar Gilliam was chosen as the first editor of *The Missile,* and he also designed the first cover.

To look through that first issue of *The Missile,* you would never guess that it was the same magazine we have today. Not including the ads, the small paper-backed publication consisted of only thirty-three pages, featuring among other things an athletic section, a section called "School Notes," and several pages of jokes. In this issue the motto "En Avant," meaning "Forward," was published; this *Missile* cost only fifteen cents, had no pictures, and was issued monthly.

For the next few years *The Missile* continued to be published in this form, until in May, 1916, a Shakespearean edition came out taking historical sketches of Shakespeare as its main theme.

Then the next year, in the middle of the First World War, an editorial was printed explaining that the decreased size of *The Missile* was because the pupils wouldn't pay for it, and after that it began to be issued less frequently. Also the school was closed for some time on account of the raging flu epidemic, causing one issue to be omitted.

Then in June, 1919, a larger *Missile* appeared, one containing photographs of the gym, various rooms in the school, and also a picture of the graduating class. It was called "The New High School Number" and dedicated to the main building which had just been rebuilt. After this there is no record of any *Missile* for about two years, but a newspaper called *The Missile* was issued every other week. However, the students did not like the news sheet because by the time it had been written, printed, and corrected, the news was from three to four weeks old, so this was abandoned and the old type of *Missile* was restored.

In November, 1924, *The Missile* was changed considerably. The Alumni, Athletics, and other departments were taken out, and *The Missile* became a literary magazine.

Then, in 1926, seven years after the first pictures appeared in *The Missile* there were printed pictures of the football team, Coach Day, and the captain, and the next year *The Missile* won first place in a con-

test for magazines from high schools all over the United States with from 500-1,000 students. This was only one of the numerous honors conferred on *The Missile* by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

In May, 1928, individual pictures of each senior were printed for the first time in *The Missile,* and then after three years, the senior pictures became a regular feature of the May *Missiles.* Then the jokes were omitted to leave room for more literary talent.

The Missile then began to be issued only twice a year. When in 1933 it received no credit in the contest for the splendid art work of John Grigg and Anna Lou Moore, the school wrote to the judge and found out that he had thought the work was so good it could not possibly have been done by students.

About this time the club pictures, and the Who's Who section became regular features of *The Missile,* making it more like it is today. In 1942 there was not enough money to publish a *Missile,* so there was an inexpensive Senior Memory Book, with blank pages for autographs and other things.

Beginning in May, 1943 (in which was published a letter from Joseph Cotten, saying that he used to collect jokes for *The Missile*) the magazine began to be issued only once a year, to have a central theme, and be just about as it is at the present.

Petersburg High School certainly has something to be proud of in its *Missile,* and we hope it will continue to improve as it has in the past.

THE ROULETTE

A publication at Petersburg High School which the students seldom hear of now was *The Roulette.* Beginning in 1923, it was published as an annual for several years, being put on sale every year at the Class Night exercises.

Maurice Butler, one of the first editors-in-chief, wrote the introduction to the first issue, in which he explained the title. It was taken from the French word "roulette," which means "little wheel," and which is the name of a popular gambling game. One of the factors influencing its choice was that the school colors were then red and black, the same colors as a roulette wheel.

This annual had individual pictures of the June and February graduates telling something about each one, and listing the activities they participated in. It contained a Who's Who section, the Class Prophecy, and many other interesting features, but there was no literary material, as that was all published in *The Missile* which was then still being issued four times a year. Although the *Roulette* was only published about eight times, it was one of the best publications and most entertaining ever printed at Petersburg High School.

THE SCHOOL WEEKLY NEWS

A publication very much in evidence now is *The School Weekly News.* In 1917 the Petersburg Index-Appeal permitted Mr. Miller's class in journalism to have a weekly page in that paper, and *The School Weekly News* still appears in the Progress-Index every Sunday, edited by the 7-R English classes.

The paper contains editorials, news stories of various happenings around school, alumni notes, a "gossip column," and various other features. Every Wednesday afternoon you will find the editors working on this publication with Mr. D. P. Powers, the faculty adviser.

BOYS'
MONOGRAM
GLEE
CLUB
GIRLS'
MONOGRAM
HOME EC.
MONITORS
LATIN
ATICS

Activities of Petersburg High

By KATHLEEN LAMBERT *and*
NANCY WAGGONER

DRAMATICS CLUB

No accurate date for the organization of the Dramatics Club could be found, but it was probably begun soon after Mr. Weldon Thompson came to Petersburg High in 1934 or 1935 to direct the plays as well as teach.

Before that time, both the February and June classes had given senior plays a few weeks before they graduated. The casts of those plays were, for the most part, limited to just the senior class unless they needed to call upon the other classes for assistance and were, at that time, directed by various teachers.

The club, which was founded about 1935, was later called the Masque and Gavel Society, but because of the confusion on account of the national society of the same name, last year it was changed to the Sock and Buskin Society. After the club's founding, the senior plays were discontinued, and the club gave its plays twice a year under the auspices of a dramatics coach.

MUSICAL ACTIVITIES

The Band . . .

One of the school's most valuable and active "clubs," and one that the school should be very proud of is the band. It was organized in 1939 with a very limited membership and a small amount of equipment, and from that time it has grown to its present membership of between fifty-five and sixty-five members and now has a wide range of instruments.

"The primary mission of the Band is," as Mr. Ralph Stronach, director, stated, "to give musical training and performing experience to its members, thereby fostering an appreciation of band and orchestral music."

By the end of the 1949-50 term, the Band will have played for all football games, including one for Hampden-Sydney College, two public concerts, a district festival, several parades, three assemblies, and for the graduation ceremonies.

The Glee Club . . .

The Glee Club was organized for the same purpose as the band but without the difficulty of supplying instruments. This club is composed of three groups—Girls' Chorus, Boys' Chorus, and Mixed Chorus—which perform together in concerts, operettas, and other programs.

O. G., G. P., AND SQUARE CIRCLE

At the present time there are three girls' clubs which are directly associated with the High School. The memberships of each of these is about twenty girls out of all three grades who are voted on by the members of each club. Very little information could be obtained about the founding of any of the clubs.

The Square Circle Club, or the Square Circle Honor Society, as it was at one time known when the constitution contained an honor clause, was the first girls' club to be organized at this school. At the time of its founding, the only other club, except the Literary Societies, was the Boys' Hi-Y Club. The Square Circle was set up as a sister club to the Hi-Y.

The O. G., or Odd Girls' Club, was organized in 1928 by a group of girls interested in athletics.

Goober Pep, or G. P., as it is better known, is the newest of the girls' clubs,

having been organized in 1939.

How the names of any of the clubs were derived is not known.

THE "Y" CLUBS

There are, at present, five "Y" Clubs, two Hi-Y's and three Tri-Hi-Y's, in affiliation with the high school. All five clubs have open memberships, but the T. Albright Tri-Hi-Y is open only to Juniors and Seniors.

The Boys' Hi-Y, as it was called until a few years ago, was organized in 1918, and for many years it served practically the same purposes as the newer student council, since it did any job the school called on it for. It wasn't until 1947 or 1948 that it "split" into two clubs, the Meade Hi-Y and the Cockade Hi-Y.

The Girls' Tri-Hi-Y was begun in 1944, and the same year when the two boys' clubs were started, the K. Warner and the T. Albright Tri-Hi-Y's were formed from the original club.

Just last year the fifth of the clubs was formed, the Pence Tri-Hi-Y.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council was organized in 1934, the duties of that institution having been formerly performed by the Boys' Hi-Y. Members of the Student Council were elected by the students and they set an example for the school. In 1949, the first president to be chosen by the school, Rex Hoyle, came into office.

MONITORS

In 1942, when Mr. Meade, now the Superintendent of Schools, was the principal of Petersburg High School, he formed an organization which has since proved quite useful.

The Monitor System, which has been tried with much success and some criticism in many schools, has worked out quite well here.

The Monitors need no explanation to any of the students, as they are seen everywhere, leading lines to the auditorium, controlling lines in the cafeteria, and "directing traffic" in the halls.

The group meets weekly with Mr. H. S. Holmes as sponsor.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club was formed in 1946 for the students taking as few as one Commercial subject in order to establish a closer relationship between classroom activities and business life. The club is one of the most democratic in the school and is well organized. Their activities include, among other things, the sale of second-hand books at the opening of each semester.

F. H. A.

The Future Homemakers of America (FHA) was organized in the fall of 1948 in order that girls might see demonstrated electrical appliances and numerous other equipment which are not shown to the home-making classes.

LIBRARY CLUB

The Library Club, sponsored by Mrs. Gladys Barreto, librarian, is composed of members of the library staff who meet to discuss books and writers and see exhibits.

GIRLS' MONOGRAM CLUB

The Girls' Monogram Club was formed many years ago in order to stimulate interest in all extracurricular activities. The club was inactive for a time until 1944, when it was reorganized. All girls who earned letters in sports, dramatics, music, or literary fields were eligible for membership. At present the club does such things as send Christmas baskets to the needy.

CAMERA CLUB

Members of the Camera Club are those interested in amateur photography. Their programs consist of slides, quiz programs on photography, and other subjects of interest to a photographer. The members of

the club made pictures of general scenes around school for *The Missile* and also photographed those in Who's Who, also for *The Missile.* The club sponsored exhibits of students of other high schools which were shown in the library. They have a point system in which members receive points for photographic work. The winner, chosen by the number of points received, is awarded a piece of photographic equipment.

LATIN CLUB

It was not until the fall of 1948 that a Latin Club was formed in our high school. Its purpose is to promote interest in things pertaining to Latin, and to give a general background for the study of Latin.

The organization, which meets once a month, has a membership limited to those taking Latin 3 through Latin 8 and those who have, at one time or another, taken the subject.

The programs are very unique, consisting of slides and skits and songs in Latin given by the members. Its project for the future is to present an authentic Roman banquet.

The sponsors are Miss Laura Meredith and Miss Mary S. Perkins.

SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club is one of the newest clubs in Petersburg High School, having been organized in the fall of 1949 with Senorita Gladys Wilkinson as sponsor. The club was formed in order that interested students might have a chance to learn more of the customs of Spain and other Spanish speaking countries.

CLUBS NO LONGER ACTIVE

Le Cercle Francais

Le Cercle Francais was formed in order that students of French might learn to sing French songs, play French games, and converse in French. The club was started by Miss Lucy Pilcher and in 1939, when first organized, only the better students were invited to join. Before 1941, when it was disbanded, it was open to all students of French. Le Cercle Francais was revived in 1944 by Mrs. Pauline C. Robertson but played out after a few months.

The Literary Societies

Not so many years ago when high school debating was at its peak, Petersburg High School had four debating teams, called literary societies, which contested against each other. The actual high school team was picked from the best debaters in each society.

In 1912 two of the teams were begun, the Page Literary Society and the Daniel Society. Some years later, the Miller and the Anderson Societies were formed. Three of them were the most active clubs in school for a number of years, but it is impossible to trace the Anderson Society, and it is believed that the society was not very successful.

Several awards were won by the debating team, including the State Cup, and at one time one of its members won second place in the annual Declamation Contest held at the University of Virginia.

History Club

At one time there were both History and Civics clubs which later combined into one. Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr., assistant principal, founded the first History Club, the purpose of which was to acquaint the pupils with the facts of local history. Tours were made by the club in and around Petersburg, but lack of funds limited the excursions greatly. Mr. Frank Bowers revived the History Club, which has since disbanded, and a tour of Williamsburg was made by a number of the club members.

Tri-Sci

The Tri-Sci was the Science Club which held meetings off and on over a period of years. At present there is no such club, and it was abandoned because too few science students had time to participate in

its activities. The plan was to enter promising students in contests of the National Science Club. To be eligible it was necessary to prepare papers and carry on projects in any of a number of fields. The Tri-Sci was open to students of biology, chemistry, and physics.

Bible Club

The Bible Club is now non-existent, but operated for a number of years prior to Mr. Arthur Brown's leaving. Mr. Brown sponsored the club and brought in a number of speakers, many of them from the local churches.

Art Club

The Art Club had a short existence, beginning in the fall of 1944 and disbanding in the spring session. The purpose of the Art Club was to foster a greater interest in the art of the school. The members made posters, studied and discussed various art movements, and had exhibitions of their own work.

Boys' Monogram Club

The Boys' Monogram Club was reorganized in 1943 and differed from its sister organization in that membership was limited to those boys holding athletic monograms and who were passed on by the club. There is no club at present.

Some other clubs organized at one time or another were: the Archery Club, which was composed of boys and girls interested in that sport, and the Army Brats, which was organized during the war for the sons and daughters of servicemen.

The many clubs and other organizations of Petersburg High School have, in the past, constituted an invaluable phase of school life, and today, they deserve the highest praise for carrying the fine traditions set by their predecessors on to even greater heights.

Nature

By FRANK PERKINS

A sparrow here,
A robin there,
An interesting little nook, —
A chattering squirrel,
A working beaver,
The murmuring of a brook.
A timid deer,
A lively hare,
A turkey in a tree, —
A cunning bear,
A sly old fox,
The buzzing of a bee.
A running quail,
A cawing crow,
A blue sky spreading above, —
How can it be
That man does kill
These things God made to love?

Literary Section

Literary Award

By DALE RICHARDS

THE six girls were sitting in the library laboring earnestly over their first short stories. Mr. Skinner, the English teacher, had urged his pupils to hand in their very best work, as he intended to enter them all, good and bad, in the short story contest that the Ladies' Literary Society was sponsoring. These girls, "The Big Six," were studious and ambitious, and five of them seemed to have their stories well under way.

Jo, the athlete, was spinning out a wonderful basketball story. The theme was the usual one, with the local team winning the championship game by one goal in the last second of play, but she was putting into it all her enthusiasm and love of action and sports. She wrote rapidly and well.

Humming softly as she wrote, Jennifer, the talented musician, was telling a story of the struggling young pianist, who, after years of hardships and practice, would finally reach her goal. A great concert hall with the young heroine taking her bows before a cheering audience was certain to be the last, thrilling scene.

That charming and petite ballerina, Bettina, had her pen simply dancing over the page to tell of the little dancer, who, in spite of broken ankles, polio, and poverty, persevered until she became the leader of the world's most famous ballet and the toast of three continents.

In the fourth chair sat Margo, the "Brain." She had already graduated her brain child from high school "cum laude," and had her rapidly accumulating degrees from all the famous universities before settling down, at the age of twenty-five, as the president of Vassar, Smith, or Radcliffe.

Camilla, of course, was swooning over a love story of her own creation. There will be boy-meets-girl, moonlight and roses, happily-ever-after, love, and more love. Camilla knows all the angles, as well as her men, so her literary effort should make good reading.

At the far end of the table was poor, worried Suzy, chewing on her pencil, as usual, and thumbing through a magazine, hoping and praying that a picture or phrase or something would turn up to give her an idea or an inspiration of some sort. This story-writing was an ordeal for Suzy, for, although she was intelligent enough, she had no particular aptitudes or talents, and not a creative idea in her unimaginative little head.

The magazine seemed to be of little help, and Suzy was about to give up as she turned the last page and found nothing there but the picture of a plump, pink baby in a tub of foamy bubbly suds. Perhaps she could get by with something

about a faithful St. Bernard rushing in and rescuing the little darling from a watery grave. Of course, the brat would have to dive in after that pink plastic fish, or dunk himself somehow, first. Anyhow, the dog could be the hero and win the Congressional Medal and a nice, juicy bone, which he would enjoy.

Doodling the page, Suzy scarcely noticed the coupon at the bottom: "I like Sudsy Soap because....." Suzy doodled some more and then wrote about the baby and the dog. It was not prize material, but all five hundred words were there and it was written neatly.

The girls left their stories on the desk in the English classroom. On her way down to the drugstore, Suzy stopped by the postoffice to address and mail some clippings requesting samples of beauty clay, lotion, and lipstick. As usual, Suzy had a number of these clippings. She had sent off for trial offers of anything from flea soap to Hadacol since she was ten.

The afternoon that the prize-winning stories were to be announced over the radio the girls were waiting impatiently in Jo's living room. "The Brain" usually won something in contests of this kind, but there was some speculation about the literary tastes of the judges. There were three prizes, so, even though there were many contestants, the girls felt that one of them must be a winner. The atmosphere was tense with excitement.

At last the president of the Ladies' Literary Society began her speech. The room became a madhouse when Jo Jolly was named the winner of the first prize of one hundred dollars for her story on sportsmanship, and Margo Moore was awarded the third prize of twenty-five dollars for her excellent composition.

After the speech Bettina reached over to tune in her favorite dance band. As she turned the dial, a startling announeement came in over a major broadcasting network:

"——and to this young lady the Sudsy Soap Company takes pleasure in presenting a Packard convertible, a trip to Bermuda, and fifty cases of Sudsy Soap for her original answer:

'I like Sudsy Soap because it washes everything: the puppy, baby, duds, dishes, and Suzy Smith.'"

A Friend

By JOHN B. WILLIAMS

While walking through the snowy woods,
I thought myself alone,
But then I heard a rustling sound
In some low whispering tone.

It ever seemed to draw me nearer
To hear its moaning dole;
I wondered who could be so sad
In pouring out its soul.

I looked around me to be sure
That there was no one here,
And then I found my lonesome friend —
The pine tree standing near.

An International Faux-Pas

By GAIL TEESE

MOST people think a birthday party is important to one person—him whose birthday it is. To most people it would seem strange that a birthday could give a sense of freedom, of greatness, and of pride to millions. However, there is such a birthday in October. It is not the birthday of any person that is celebrated; rather that of a country that was recently born, and all too recently died a tragic death. It is the birthday of the democracy-loving republic of Czechoslovakia.

It was the custom, before the Russians took over, to hold lavish balls wherever Czechs congregated to celebrate that happy date in 1919. In Frankfurt, Germany, in the fall of 1946, the party was held at Kronberg Castle, a large officers' club in the mountains outside the city. The hosts were the Czechoslovakian Mission and other representatives of the Czech army.

The many guests were composed of representatives from all the Allied nations in Europe, military and diplomatic, and their wives. A large proportion of them were American Army officers. There were quite a few unattended males and females, the more popular secretaries, older sons and daughters of Army officers, and bachelor officers of many armies.

The Castle was filled with glittering medals, the rustling of silks and satins, the ivory whiteness of bare arms, the tinkle of glasses, the murmur of conversation, against a soft background of European music. There were dresses from New York City, Paris, London, and Prague. There were blue uniforms, grey uniforms, khaki uniforms, with beribboned chests and gleaming with polished brass. There were also a few tuxedos.

After a lavish buffet dinner of delicacies flown from Prague, dancing began in the ball-room. The small German orchestra, complete with two violins, played haunting waltzes interspersed with lively Slovakian folk-dances.

I was sitting with my parents, a Dutch admiral, and some Czech friends. The orchestra began to play a Viennese waltz, and Johnny Wagner, a Czech major and a great friend of the family, asked me to dance. Out on the floor, we waltzed in the true European manner, twirling faster and faster until the whole room seemed a kaleidoscope. I noticed other couples step back to watch Johnny's dexterity, and soon we were surrounded by an admiring audience. Johnny, never one to keep out of the limelight, began to twirl and whirl even faster until my feet scarcely touched the floor.

Suddenly I heard something pop. At first I thought it was a seam and paid no attention. Before long, however, my feet became entangled in something, I knew not what, and I fell to my knees. Johnny helped me to my feet, and there lay my hoop, fallen in a heap on the floor, for all the world to see. I felt at that moment as though I were causing an international incident. Inwardly assuring myself that I would never again wear a hoop, I somehow reached the table and sanctuary. Johnny, always the perfect gentleman, calmly picked up my treacherous hoop and followed me, accompanied by laughter in six or seven languages. I never wore that hoop again.

Nature Lyrics

By ANNE TUNSTALL

I

Spring

Spring, a young lady, trips into town,
Throws off her coat and lays her bag down.
She breathes on the frost and it runs away,
Then has to clean house for many a day.
She then dresses herself in all shades of green,
And parades around, sure to be seen.
Her hair is entwined with many a flower.
Bold sunflowers laugh, shy violets cower.
Her eyes, fringed gentians, are a warm friendly blue
That flutter and wink whene'er they see you.
Her laugh, a merry, bubbling rill,
Emits a rainbow o'er each hill.
Spring, a sorcerer, turns on her charm;
She beckons to lovers arm in arm,
Entices them into her kingdom fair
Where a shepherd boy's music swells the air;
Then leaves them in a secluded spot,
Content and happy with their lot.

II

My Love

Give me the country and warm fields in May.
Give me the scent of freshly mown hay,
And a high tempered horse to gallop upon,
And wide open spaces on which to run.
Let the wind my sweaty forehead fan
And roughen my features and cause them to tan.
Show me a forest where tall pines grow
Where sweet blooming flow'rs spread a carpet below.
Let me lie by a brook babbling on to the sea
And dream of things that may someday be.
Then send the birds their songs to sing
And let the woods with anthems ring.
Paint me a sunset with rich, vivid hue
Then follow with dusk and its shower of dew.
Hang me a sliver of moon in the sky
To remind me at night that God is nigh.
These things, O God in heaven, give;
With nature would I choose to live.

Lost in the Blizzard

By BOB HAINES

IT was a cold morning in early January. The kind of morning you're glad you've got a roof over your head, I thought, as I crawled out of bed and climbed into my long flannels to begin another day's work on my father's farm in Northern Maine.

It had already begun to snow as I went down the steps to breakfast. It was Saturday morning, and on Saturday Pa always let us kids sleep until seven o'clock. On week days, we had to be up at five-thirty to get the chores done before school.

"Where's Willie?" Ma asked me. Willie was twelve, three years younger than me, and wild as a jackrabbit.

"I dunno, Ma," I began, but my seventeen year old sister, Sally, interrupted me.

"Why, he said something last night about going down to the quarry and setting some mink traps. I think I heard him go out early this morning."

Pa glanced out of the window. The snow was falling faster all the time, but still visible was a small set of footprints going towards the barn, where Willie kept his traps.

"Why, that crazy kid!" Pa exclaimed. "I told him never to go out of the house when it's snowing without telling us first!"

Pa was up in a flash, pulling on his heavy fur jacket.

"C'mon, Bo, I guess we better go look for him!" he exclaimed. To all the other farmers, my school teachers, and even Ma, I was Bartholomew, but Pa had always called me Bo ever since anyone could remember.

It took us only a few minutes to put on some warm clothes, and when we were ready to go, Ma had two thermos bottles full of hot coffee for us.

"Here's something to keep you warm," she said, as she handed them to Pa. "It's snowing a lot harder, and you may not be back for an hour or more," she added.

Pa stuffed the warm container into one of his big pockets, lifted his shotgun from the rack, and we set out into the snow.

It had snowed only a few days before, and with every step we took, the hard crust crunched under an inch of freshly fallen snow. The snow was falling faster all the time, and it was only the broken line of trees that enabled us to stay on the path as we picked our way through the swirling snow.

We plodded on for what seemed hours, when finally Pa called back to me, "Look sharp, Bo, we're near the quarry!" I could barely catch his words, as I peered through the wall of whiteness, seeing only the steadily plodding figure of my father a few

yards ahead. We went over Willie's trapline, and although the snow had covered over most of his traps, the trees he had blazed were still visible. The snow seemed to be getting worse all the time, and already my toes and hands were numb with cold. This was a blizzard, and my little brother was lost in it!

The falling crystals had turned to a powder, and as the cold wind swept through the woods, my face tingled as though slapped by a hand of ice. It showed no sign of letting up, and the fallen snow began to wet through my pants as I plodded through knee-high drifts.

Suddenly Pa came to an abrupt halt, and I could hardly believe what my eyes told me I saw. There in the path in front of me, almost covered over with snow, lay my brother's jacket. As my father picked it up and shook off the snow, I could see that it was badly mangled and spotted with blood. Pa's face was as white as the swirling snow as he spoke. "L-let's get back—to the house—."

We trudged back through the snow without a word. I felt sick as I thought of what had happened to Willie, and how Ma would take it.

Finally we reached the house, and the moment Ma saw our faces, she knew something was wrong. "W-what's the matter, Pa?" she asked.

"Brace yourself, Hettie," Pa began, but the creak of the stairs interrupted him. I turned, to see Willie standing in his pajamas at the top of the stairs, sleepily rubbing his eyes.

"Willie!" cried Pa. "Where've you been?"

"I haven't been nowhere." Willie looked at Pa in surprise. "I'm sorry I slept late, but my room was cold, and I just couldn't get out of bed."

But his coat—I thought. Then I remembered how, when I was ten or eleven, on cold winter nights, I would wrap a coat around my pet calf to keep him warm.

"What's the matter, Pa?" Willie asked, puzzled.

"It's nothing, son. A bobcat got your pet calf during the night, and hauled him into the woods and ate him, but you'll get the very next calf that's born!" And Pa turned and winked at me.

Snakes

By PAUL LAMB

Snakes are a crawly, slimy lot;
They're sneaking as can be,
And it seems that every time I see one
It's slipping up on me.

Strolling along the garden path,
I met a snake one day.
I looked at him, he looked at me,
And we hurried our own way.

The kind that I despise the most
Are the ones that sneer and talk.
I'd rather meet the snakes that crawl
Than meet the kind that walk.

A Sleeping Beauty

By JIM MORRIS

SOME people can be *so* absurd about their sleeping habits. I knew a man once who insisted on sleeping on the floor. No matter where he was, it was always on the floor. Personally I can't see it. I tried it once. Never again! Madam, I felt like saying, you have been robbed. Your carpenter should be sued for gross negligence. He didn't hammer the nails all the way down. Why, it's downright dangerous. One might receive a serious injury from the nails; besides you should always keep your floors as smooth as possible, for one never knows when a guest will want to sleep on them nowadays. They say that after you get used to a hard surface, you sleep more soundly. In my opinion one never gets used to it. You are just kept awake for two or three nights and then from sheer exhaustion you could sleep on anything. Then after you are reasonably rested, the vicious circle begins again. Oh well . . .

I would like to take this opportunity to wish all grades of mayhem and untold horror possible on the fiendish wretch who originated the scheme of putting sheets in sleeping bags. This article is not fastened down, but is merely spread either over or under the unsuspecting fool who uses one. The cloth is especially selected for its ability to cling to the occupant and has the unnatural, snakelike power of encircling the sleeper and occasionally of constriction. At dawn after a night of untold misery, I awoke to find myself bound hand and foot, and it wasn't until after a call for assistance that I was able to extract myself from my sleeping bag. I was told that my companions had been in the same state and had been unable to free themselves without the aid of another. How the first one ever escaped is beyond me. He said he taught Houdini, but I doubted this as he was only ten years older than I. Had the unwonted appearance of a vicious animal like a porcupine or beaver necessitated a rapid exit I can imagine the flight that would have taken place, like a sack race with personified evil wrapped around our lower extremities and the devil hard after us to make us one of his own. Personally I was in no mood for games. May the curses of Allah be heaped on the infidel inventor of such a fiendish method of confinement.

Once I was traveling in an upper berth on the Rock Island Railroad between Memphis, Tennessee, and Oklahoma City. In the wee small hours of the morning with me half asleep, the train gave a sudden lurch, and I was immediately beset by some horrible supernatural creature sent, so I thought, to punish me for some unknown sin I had committed. I wrestled with the monster in a vain effort to throw it off my body. In the dim half light of dawn, I was unable to distinguish the shape of the thing. I beat on its rough, horny skin and finally succeeded in dislodging it and pushing it out of the berth. I heard an agonizing scream and a thud, and realizing the creature had found another victim I cautiously peered out. . . . After much explaining and a slight tip I finally convinced the porter that I had not thrown it at him and with his help was able to replace my valise on the small ledge at the foot of my berth. I think the Company should provide means by which the valise could be fastened down. I might have injured it, especially if I had had a knife handy. . . .

I awakened with a start! What were those strange noises coming from down stairs? I loaded my gun and cautiously

descended and as I drew near to my mother's bedroom the sounds grew in intensity. Bracing myself for some unknown horror I flung the door open wide! . . . My dear old mother was snoring again! I never yet heard a snore that equaled that of my mother. I have been awakened in the night by some of the weirdest, inhuman, unearthly sounds I have ever heard coming from a person's mouth. She sounds like a whining, a wrestler, and someone being choked to death, all at the same time. How nerve-racking!

But I'm the out-door type. Open all the windows! There, smell that cold, fresh air. Noises and lights don't bother me at all. Just let me lie down. That's all I need . . .

Psst! Wake up, Jim! What's the matter with you? The teacher will see you in a minute. Kerchoo! There bust have been a power failure last night. By electric blanket must have been shorted. Besides who can sleep with a radio going full blast dowd stairs? I think the city should guard the power plant better. Sombone bust have cut the power lines. I don't know . .

New York

By GAIL TEESE

Brushing the sky with concrete hands,
Hustling and bustling, New York stands
Impervious to life's demands --
But life goes on.

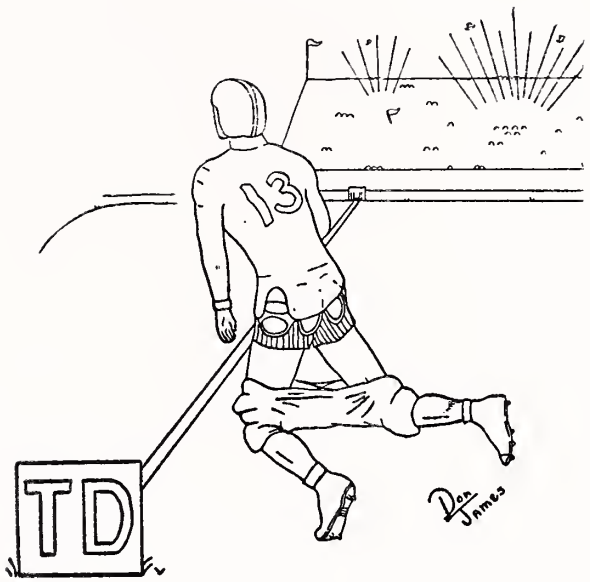
Roaring along beneath the ground
They go, the tides of humans bound
To work in city so renowned,
But falsely drawn.

Rushing, they know so little, why
The trees are green and blue the sky,
And will not know until they die
And see the dawn.

Blindly they go from day to day
Knowing nothing of song or play,
The joyous dance, the hurt dog's bay,
Or velvet lawn.

Seeing no stars for neon's glare,
Catching no part of fresh spring air,
Just weary, tired and full of care
When day is gone.

Missing the joys of Mother Earth,
Dreaming of things of little worth,
A populace devoid of mirth --
Can life go on?



O Shame!
O Woe!

By JERRY MCCULLOUGH

A FEW years ago when I was a freshman in high school I had dreams of becoming a great football star. Although then as now I wasn't very big or muscular, I thought I was fast enough to stay away from the big guys.

The season progressed, but I didn't. Every night after school I endured two and a half hours of practice, or maybe I should say punishment. I was used as a blocking and tackling dummy, and when it came time to scrimmage I was always on defense and plays were pounded through me as if I were some great obstacle to overcome. I was overcome all right—overcome with black eyes, loose teeth, and sore joints. I struggled on, though, hoping that by some miraculous coincidence I would play in at least one game.

The day that I was to see action finally arrived. Although before the game I didn't know it, this was to be the turning point in my football career. We were to play one of the weaker schools in the state and were favored by heavy odds. Previous to this game I had learned all there was to know about bench-sitting. While putting on my uniform, which would have held two of me just as easily as one, I placed large pieces of sponge rubber in the seat of my pants as an extra comforter to that part of the anatomy which would most likely get sore from sitting on a bench.

Game time arrived and I hurried to my battle station so as not to be left standing as had often happened before. We won the toss and elected to receive. Kick-off time to half time produced nothing but about a dozen spectacular razzle-dazzle plays which brought the crowds to their feet, left the opposing team in utter confusion, and made the score 48 to 0. During the intermission the first string dressed and went out to watch the rest of the game. The second string was to start the second half and, of course, I was in my glory. Now I wouldn't have to sit on the end of the bench. Since I was the only one left on the bench, I could sit any place I wanted to.

The second half started and the second string, though clumsy at first, began a repetition of the first half. With about four minutes to go in the game and the score standing at 51 to 12, coach called my name and I leaped to my feet. In doing so I split a seam in my well worn pants, but a little thing like that didn't stop me. I ran onto the field and assumed my position at quarterback.

Final minutes of play ticked away and I accomplished nothing except brilliantly increasing the size of the tear in my pants. I called a quarterback sneak and crashed into the line for a six-yard loss. Nothing seemed to work except the sponge rubber pads in my pants. They had worked themselves down around my knees and made it extremely hard to run.

The ball was on the fifty yard line and there was time for just one more play. I called an end around play in which I received a lateral around the right flank. The play clicked beautifully and I found myself in an open field racing my way to pay dirt. I reached the forty . . . thirty-five . . . thirty . . . twenty-five . . . twenty . . . fifteen . . . and suddenly my breeches completely split open and hog-tied my ankles. I hobbled and hopped my way to the five yard line where I was hit by a bull-dozer and a ten-ton truck.

When I finally regained my senses, I was being carried off the field on the shoulders of my team-mates to a tumult of cheering and laughing. The cheering was because I had accidentally made a touchdown by means of the momentum of my pursuers. The laughing was due to the fact that I had no pants.

I mentioned earlier that this game was the turning point of my football career. It was! I turned in my uniform and haven't played since.

All These Bring God To Me

By DOLLY DAVIS

I

The organ music in a cool cathedral,
The heavenly sunlight on the stained glass,
The bells that ring in the top of majestic belfries
The simple prayer of the lower class.
All these bring God to me.

II

The flowers in the new and lovely springtime,
The bird that sings while sitting in the tree,
The fragrance of a lovely summer evening,
The balmy wind, the careless leaf set free.
All these bring God to me.

III

The clear high notes of the coloratura soprano,
The love of a mother for her new born child,
The colors of the leaves that change with
the seasons,
The thrill that comes when I feel
the call of the wild.
All these bring God to me.

Wrong Impressions

By YVONNE HAVELOCK

MANY young people often try to act older than they are in order to impress older people, and a couple of years ago I was a good example. I wasn't considered beautiful, by any means, but I had been told that I possessed fairly pleasant features. However, I was always trying to improve them by using all kinds of cosmetics which movie stars and sophisticated, worldly people patronized. My taste in clothes, especially those for dress, included tight-fitting, dark-colored dresses with a drape or two and as low a neckline as it was possible and fairly decent to wear. All of my shoes had high enough heels to more than rival Carmen Miranda's and when anyone would ask me how I could walk in them, I would laughingly reply that as a little girl I used to use my young brother's stilts until I naturally became accustomed to them. My father often informed me that mountain climbing should come easy to me because of my constant experiences with high altitudes. However, despite all the teasing my appearance caused, I clung to these habits until I learned a lesson.

The lesson appeared in the form of Peter Dennis Macon (called Pete for short), a good-looking college man, who honored our town with a visit to his cousin. Pete had everything any girl could want in a man and more besides. He took the local girls by storm, and they kept referring to him as a cross between Peter Lawford and Larry Parks.

With all this excitement over the new local "crush" you can imagine my joy and triumph when I secured a date with him for the big dance. The fact that the date was "blind" on his part did not lessen my enthusiasm, and I constantly kept reminding my friends of the coming event and assuring them that it had all come about because I had discarded childish things and had become worldly and sophisticated.

The night of the dance I took greater pains with my dressing than usual, for despite all the boasting I had done, I knew that I really liked Pete more than I cared to admit, and my heart was set on the impression I would make that night. The bathroom was occupied for several hours while my father angrily paced the floor outside and declared that there was no place, absolutely no place, like home. I painted my nails with that new dark shade of polish that all international society was wearing but simply couldn't decide what gown to put on. I finally settled in favor of the red velvet one, the one my father had seen one day with the remark that it looked as if the manufacturer had forgotten to finish it in some places, particularly the top. Free usage of my mother's new, imported French perfume (the name of which I couldn't pronounce) in my estimation added the finishing touch to my ensemble.

Extensive reading of world events and matters of interest to older people had provided me with a high enough range of interests and amount of knowledge to make Pete realize that he had not dated a mere high school girl, but a person of higher intelligence.

About a week after the dance, my best friend, Lois Brown, called me on the telephone, and when I told her that Pete hadn't called or spoken to me since the evening of the dance and that he had now ended his visit with his cousin, she was very much surprised. However, I went on to explain that I had just found out that after the dance Pete had told his cousin that I was a grand girl, but I was just much too old for him.

This episode cured me completely of the habit of trying to act older, and I'm sure I'll never make that mistake again.

Frustration

By GAIL TEESE

I

Land-locked

The sand was lapped by one small wave,
Pushed in by the ebbing tide;
Unconscious of the call it gave,
It rose, fell back, then died.

Just one small wave, with call so clear
To follow, go with the sea;
I stood, and sighed, and shed a tear,
I knew it was calling me.

My heart cried out to sea and sky
To follow that small green wave,
To sail the seas, a sailor I,
No longer a land-locked slave.

The sand was lapped by one small wave.
I wearily walked along
Never to know, till I reach the grave,
The sound of a sailor's song.

II

The Call

What is this voice that's calling me
Far over the land, across the sea?
The plaintive cry of gypsy viol,
The sound of a palm on tropic isle,
Stoke Pagis' bells, a Chinese gong,
An African chant, Venetian song,
The sigh of wind, the crash of sea,
The cry of a gull that's flying free—
All join in one, beg me to find
Tranquillity for my nomad mind.

Curiosity

By FRED BISGER

" 'The fog comes on little cat feet; it sits looking over harbor and city on silent haunches and then moves on'. You know, every time I hear that poem I think of London," remarked Gregory Weatherford as he waited for the steamship to dock at Bends Harbor, England.

"Are you going to London, also?"

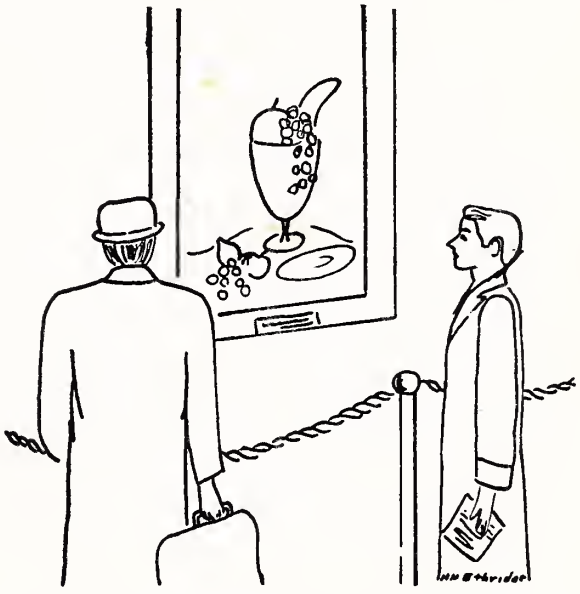
"No," answered the stranger abruptly. At this, the man in the black overcoat hurried off into the mass of people that flowed over the deck of the spacious ship like ants raiding a sugar-bowl.

"He must not like to become acquainted with people or else he has a superiority complex," grunted Gregory, somewhat irritated.

Finally after almost an hour Gregory managed to get his baggage checked through to London. He boarded the train for the two-hour trip to the capital of England. As he was browsing through a magazine he had brought with him, he caught a glimpse of a man whom he had seen before. There was something about his sharp features and his conservative clothes that fascinated him. The man was sitting about four seats in front of him on the other side of the coach, and up to this time he had not noticed Gregory's curiosity. As the stranger's eyes met those of Gregory Weatherford, he quickly pulled the newspaper up to his face. This was the man that Gregory had tried to make friends with.

Feeling the presence of Gregory's curious eyes and suspecting nature, the stranger got up from his seat and moved to another coach. This was the last he hoped to see of the "snoopy" American. He managed to stay out of sight until the train reached London and then he grabbed a cab and lost himself from the curiosity of Gregory Weatherford.

All that evening Gregory could not get the stranger off his mind, and while he sat in the hotel dining room, he thought



of the hunted look in the mysterious person's eyes.

By chance, the hotel at which Weatherford was staying was directly across the thoroughfare from the Russian Embassy. The room in the hotel was located on the fifth floor facing the street and this gave Gregory a chance to see some of the street, but especially a view of the people who went in and out of the Embassy.

Gregory had finished his shower and was sitting by the window, gazing at the sights, when he thought again of the man with the hunted look, of whom he had thought so much the night before. His eyes caught a view of a figure walking di-

rectly into the doors of the Embassy and then the man halted and stood a minute as if he were a statue. Gregory was astounded that this man looked, even from so great a distance, like the stranger. He quickly snatched up his field glasses, which he always carried with him, and without a doubt proved that this was the stranger.

Quickly putting on his clothes, Weatherford raced down into the hotel lobby and went into the brisk morning air. He was determined to find out who this person was, even if it was none of his business. Standing around waiting for something to happen was not Weatherford's idea of excitement. He liked to get out and hunt for it.

Watching the Russian Embassy was not an easy job, but finally after two hours, patience was rewarded and Gregory was thankful that the stranger had not gotten away from him. The man started to walk down the street with the American casually strolling behind him and under some strange circumstance did not observe that he was being followed. This chase led through all parts of the city, and Gregory was wondering when this fellow was going to stop for something to eat. At last the stranger stopped at a cafe and ordered lunch. Gregory did likewise. He was starved.

After lunch the stranger started once more with his unknown traveling companion in not too distant pursuit. The art gallery was the first place they visited. The only paintings that were observed were the modern Russian ones. Finally the man stopped at one painting entitled "The Gallant Red." He then took out a notebook and scribbled a few notes and hurried off. As he sped off, a small piece of paper fell out of his notebook and Gregory picked it up. It read, "Vodka Cafe, 8:00."

When Gregory Weatherford regained the street he found that the stranger had given him the slip. He then returned to his hotel to try to put facts together. He decided it would be worth his while to be at the Cafe Vodka at 8:00.

As he got out of the cab in front of the cafe, the London fog was enveloping the whole area and Gregory cursed this fact but then decided there was nothing he could do about it.

Sitting in the middle of a Russian cafe with foreigners was no fun, but Gregory decided to stick it out. The stranger walked in and right past the American into a back room. Gregory got up and followed very cautiously. He paused in the shadows and listened at the door. He heard, "With this idea, stolen from the stupid Americans, we can put Russia's economic system up to a new level. We can make Russia more powerful than the United States. Everyone that is here, sign this paper."

Gregory didn't know what to do. He thought that this must be a gang of some sort and up to no good. Through the smoke-filled room he saw no face that looked as if it could be trusted. There was only one thing to do. That was to break in on the meeting.

His heart was beating as if he were going to die then and there; his pulse pounded; his breathing sped up; and then he rushed in.

He shouted, "All right, what are you guys up to?"

There was no answer as the men backed up against the wall. Weatherford grabbed the papers that were on the table and read, "Moscow Pyramid Club."

My Sister's Big Mouth

By DOLLY DAVIS

One morning this summer, I was lounging in a very awkward but very comfortable position on the porch swing, when who should stop his car in front of our house but my "number one dream-boat." Oh, but was I horrified! You should have seen me!

I was wearing a pair of aqua shorts and the top to my yellow bathing suit. While I was trying to get comfortable, the straps to my bathing suit top fell down over my arms. I was too comfortable to perform such a major operation as fixing my straps, so they remained draped over my arms. Being barefooted and having my hair rolled up made me look all the worse. In other words I looked precisely the way I didn't want to look when Mr. B— came up the steps and onto the porch.

I sat up, straightened my outfit so that it would at least look decent, and demanded why he didn't let me know he was coming to see me. After all, it was only 9:30 a. m. on a rainy Saturday morning!

Do you think it was enough to be caught in such a manner? Oh, no! My darling little sister (a dizzy blond with a mouth that is too big and forever yapping) banged out of the door onto the porch where my guest and I were discussing the weather at great lengths.

She usually starts talking right away about everybody and everything, but, strangely enough, she was very quiet.

I thought to myself, "Hmmm, when she *does* start talking, what she says will be a killer."

How right I was!

A— happened to mention that I hadn't answered one of his questions in a recent telephone conversation we had had or that he didn't remember what I said. I told him that I didn't remember either.

Deanna, my sister, must have been waiting for those words, for she said immediately, "I don't know what Dolly said to you during your conversation, but I certainly know what she told Mama afterward."

Quite naturally A— said, "What?" But he had to pay her a dime to tell him.

Even though I threatened to wring her neck, pull her hair, call mother, and do some other things, Deanna told A— that I said he was "perfectly darling, handsome, and oh, so tall and that I wished he would call and come to see me every day."

If someone had given me a shovel at that precise moment, the first thing I would have done was hit Deanna Davis on the head. Then, after digging a hole in the ground, I would have crawled in and pulled the dirt in on top of me.

I lived through that dark and dismal hour with a red face and a raging temper which, strangely enough, I didn't lose, only to have Deanna tell the painters at the apartment building down the street (1) where I was going every time I went out, (2) whom I was with, (3) what I ate for dinner, and (4) how late I stayed out.

Everytime the neighbors know all about *my business* I can usually accredit it to "My Sister's Big Mouth."

A Summer's Vacation

By JIM MORRIS

First comes Hope, Hope, Hope.
As spring draws nigh, the yearning starts
Within my soul to find once more
That glorious land forever blest
And peace not often found by men.

Then comes Joy, Joy, Joy.
Can it be that I have come?
My longing is satisfied at last
By the rugged beauty of this spot,
Its snow capped peaks and forests green.

Last comes Grief, Grief, Grief.
Must I leave this Shangri-La,
Its swift cool streams and sparkling lakes?
My heart grows heavy at the thought
Of leaving that which nature creates.

Youth

By DOLLY DAVIS

I

All eyes are turned upon the door,
Those of the rich and of the poor.
Where are we now? To tell the truth,
We're attending a ball and waiting for youth.
She should be here; she's never late,
She'll be here yet; now, just you wait.

II

A knock at the door, can it be she?
Someone answers; who is he?
Opportunity. On his arm
Is Youth herself so full of charm.
See how she dances, merry and free!
Would she could stay eternally.

The Arrow

By GEORGE HARVEY

It was a cold November day in the year 1768. In the Indian country along the Ohio River a few scattered flakes of snow drifted uneasily to the ground and disappeared into the gathering darkness among the trees that stood naked and menacing against the steel-gray sky. The leafless willows along the banks of the great river were constantly in motion, swaying restlessly to the touch of the chill autumn wind. A few scattered clouds scuttled through the darkening sky, which was overcast with a leaden haze.

At intervals, a sudden icy blast, bringing with it a flurry of snow, would send hordes of the glistening white flakes hurrying to earth, only to vanish mysteriously when they settled on the mat of damp leaves which covered the forest floor. The black limbs of the gigantic oaks, maples, and elms stretched upward until they seemed to fade into the heavens, and throughout the dark woods stood great birches, looming ghostly and white in the gathering darkness.

The trunks of the forest giants rose like massive black columns, often towering a hundred feet into the air. In places where the virgin timber gave way to wide meadows splotches of white could be seen where the newfallen snow still remained on the carpet of brown grass. Here and there a shadow moved stealthily as a wild animal sought refuge in the dusky recesses of the forest.

The wild beasts were not alone in their search for shelter, however, for among the trees, the fading twilight revealed the figure of a man, clad in the buckskin clothes of a hunter, moving swiftly through the woods. From his belt hung a tomahawk and a hunting knife, and in his hand he carried a rifle, its barrel glinting coldly in the fading daylight.

The biting wind was becoming more chilled, and it seemed to gather momentum as it swept among the trees, bending the young saplings almost to the ground. The man quickened his pace as he felt the icy blast sweep upon him, but still he appeared to remain cautious, as if on the alert for an unseen foe. He wondered at his own actions, for what was there to fear? He thought of the Cherokees, but found no excuse for his uneasiness there, for they had not been known to cause trouble during the five years that he had lived in the Ohio country. Perhaps it was just the thought of his family and a cozy fire that made him quicken his pace. Yes, that was it. Home lay only four miles distant, and his wife would have a warm supper ready for him when he entered the door.

Suddenly the great expanse of forest thinned out, and a broad field, spotted in several places with a thin blanket of snow, appeared before him. The man welcomed the meadow, for the woods afforded difficult traveling in many places, especially in the evening. As he neared the opposite side of the field, he came upon the ruins of an old French fort which had been destroyed in one of the early Indian wars. A few crumbling stone walls that had survived the battle still remained, half buried under several charred logs that had once served as a gate. The ruins were partly covered in places by the snow that had begun to fall.

It was almost dark as the man paused a moment to examine the remains of the fort, and then he rounded a snow-covered stone wall to continue his journey. But he halted abruptly and peered into the shadows ahead, where his keen eyes had detected a slight movement only an instant before. Then a tremendous black bear suddenly loomed out of the darkness before him and rose on his hind legs to a height of fully eight feet! The man threw his rifle to his shouder in an instant, and as the huge beast lunged for him, he pulled the trigger. There was a faint click as the spark from the flint glanced harmlessly off the wet powder! Dropping the gun, he reached for his tomahawk, but he realized that he could not escape the bear's claws, for the beast was nearly upon him.

Suddenly the bear's rush was stopped, almost in mid-air, as the beast roared in rage and pain. The man nimbly dodged the falling animal and raised his tomahawk to defend himself as best he could. However, his action was needless, for the bear was dead! The astonished hunter, after reloading his rifle and making sure that the beast was lifeless, examined the carcass, and much to his amazement, found a Cherokee arrow imbedded in the bear's heart.

He paused a moment silently to thank his unknown Indian friend and then struck off into the forest again. It was nearly dark as he reached home, but he was greeted by the warm glow of a fire and the hot meal that his family had ready for him.

Later in the evening, he related the story of his adventure to his family, and not until then did he learn that the Cherokees were on the warpath, and that the arrow that had saved his life had been meant for him.

Too Late

By MARY WILLIAMS

Alone she sat from day to day
Rocking in her chair;
I still can see the white-haired one
Whose favorite place was there:
A worn out shoe cast out of the way
That someday one may need,
Or a cornered bird caught by a cat
Waiting to be freed.
I wish I had filled her life with joy
And let her happy die,
But now she is free from care and pain
In a better place than I.

An Embarassing Moment

By NANCY DEIBERT

SHOE dye . . . whenever anyone mentions that substance, I turn away and shudder at the memory which it brings back. I believe it was when I was a senior in high school that I had my first and only experience with the obnoxious liquid; the date is uncertain, but the details are still vividly imprinted in my mind.

It all began with a pair of white shoes, which I dearly loved, but which became increasingly harder to keep clean, so I decided to dye them black and thereby solve my problem. Procuring a bottle of the dye, I determinedly set to work, although when I got a whiff of it my first thought was to toss it out of the window.

After I had treated the shoes as directed on the bottle, I gave them an extra coat of dye for good measure. Then I put them aside to dry in an open window, where I hoped the peculiar odor would blow away. When I awoke the next morning, of course the first thing I did was to rush to the window for my shoes. They looked beautiful, and wonder of wonders, they did not smell half so pungent as they had the night before.

Arriving at school, I did not go in right away, because I wanted to show Mary Lou, my best friend, what a superb job I had done on my shoes. This being done, I went in and to my first class. When the bell rang for the second period class, Mary Lou and I remained in the same room for our next class, and as the other pupils were coming into the room, she leaned over and whispered something I could not distinguish. Then the class was called to order, and she moved back into her seat.

Faintly at first, and then more and more, I began to detect a peculiar smell, and with growing horror it dawned on me that it came from my shoes! Glancing furtively around me, I noticed several of the girls were holding their handkerchiefs to their noses, and some of the boys coughed meaningly. I was sure that no one in the room could possibly know what the terrible odor was except Mary Lou, and when I glanced in her direction, her lips formed a silent, "I told you so!"

The suffocating aroma was spreading throughout the whole room, and finally the teacher asked some of the boys if they would raise the windows. In an agony of embarrassment I slouched down into my seat and appeared absorbed in my textbook, as I prayed that I would not be recognized as the cause of this thing. After what seemed an eternity, I looked at my watch and saw that the period still had thirty-five minutes to go. I knew I could not stick it out for such a long time, because by then someone would surely discover what it was, and I would be the laughing-stock of the whole school, so I quietly asked permission to leave the room and get a sick-slip.

Arriving home, I immediately took the offending shoes off and threw them into the garbage can, and they were closely followed by an almost-empty bottle of black dye.

Morning

By JOHN B. WILLIAMS

It was an empty quiet morning cold;
Thick droplets of frost had settled to the ground;
The eastern sky while dimly lit foretold
The break of dawn for miles and miles around.
The lengths and lengths of darkened quilted sky
Drew back its blanket form from East to West,
While morning whistles shrieked their raucous cry;
The flaming sun had risen to a crest.
Its waited heat, from a dark and chilly night,
Now stretched in waves across the frosty ground;
It dried each touch of frost and brought the light
In beams that woke a lazy sleepy hound,
That shook its head and looked around and moaned
And dropped again its head and tail and groaned.

No Hits, No Runs, No Hair

By JERRY MCCULLOCH

My life is like a baseball game,
It's all too plain to see;
Each time I meet a lovely dame
I've got two strikes on me.

I do my best to reach first base,
But friends, I must declare,
Although I set a lively pace
I lose out by a hair.

I met a gal so sweet and gay
For whom my heart did care;
Read the "box score" on that play —
"No hits, no runs, NO HAIR!"

The Fatal Prank

By BETTY NANCE

AS Jim Poe drove his shiny, black Buick out of the garage, he and his wife, Alice, heaved deep sighs of relief, for finally they were ready to pick up John and Marie Boyles, and head for their little cabin on the James River. They had planned to spend the whole day at the shack, but try as they would they just couldn't get away on time with all the interruptions one has these days.

It was now way past noon and Jim pressed his foot a little harder on the gas to make up for lost time. After all, hadn't he and the others planned to take life easy just for one day? He couldn't afford to lose such valuable time.

Having picked up John and Marie, he headed the big car in the direction of the old Brandon Plantation, for their cabin was located just below this famous old place. All four in this little group were very light-hearted and gay. They talked eagerly about the fun they would have away from the work and toil of their offices and homes.

Soon they reached their destination. It was a pretty little log cabin placed just a few yards from the sparkling water of the James. Truly, this was the ideal place for a day of fun and rest away from the cares of the world.

What a wonderful time they had that day! They swam in the cool water of the James, sun bathed on the soft white sand of the beach, and ate delicious food which they cooked on an outdoor fireplace. Before they knew it, the day was over and they reluctantly watched the sun disappear below the horizon.

As soon as it grew dark, the two couples withdrew to the cabin to pack up their provisions. As the two women were getting the cabin in order, Jim called out gaily, "Be back in a few minutes, gals. We're going to tie up the boats. Don't let any spooks get you."

"Hurry back," Alice replied. "It's getting late, and I don't fancy the idea of being left alone in this cabin at night. We're five miles from civilization, you know."

Within ten minutes Alice and Marie had everything packed and were ready to go, but the men had not yet returned. This being the case, they decided to play a quick game of Canasta.

Several hands and one hour later the men had not yet returned. Alice began to get fidgety, and Marie, who was usually very calm, began walking the floor and smoking one cigarette after another. Suddenly they heard a scream! Both stiffened and turned pale as ghosts. They were too frightened to say a word. Then they heard it again and both began to laugh hysterically, for they realized that it was only the screech of an owl.

They sat there for another thirty minutes, neither saying a word, both too frightened to move. What had happened to their husbands? Had they been kidnapped, killed, or drowned? Jim had the keys to the car. Should they walk five miles to get help, or should they wait patiently in the cabin? What should they do? All of these questions kept running through their minds, but still they sat there straining their ears for the sound of familiar voices or footsteps. Nothing could be heard but the gentle rustling of the leaves and the continual chirping of the crickets.

Suddenly, Alice jumped up and grabbed one of the rifles.

"I can't stand it another second!" she remarked frantically. "I'm going after them."

Marie, feeling the same as Alice, grabbed the other gun and followed her out of the door. Outside it was as bright as day, for there was a large full moon. After glancing around the cabin, they started down the road to the highway. At every unusual sound their blood chilled.

After walking a mile they grew so weary and frightened that they had to give up the search. As they drew near to the cabin, they noticed two figures standing in the shadow of the cabin. At first they thought it was Jim and John, but as the men drew closer they saw that the men were not white, but black.

At that instant, two shots rang out loud and clear and two black men slumped to the ground. Also the terrifying screams and sobs of two women could be heard far into the night, for who has ever seen two black men with white hands and blonde hair?

The Pianist

By JOYCE COHEN

Everyone applauded as I took my seat before
The baby grand piano in the middle of the floor.
They thought they had me worried as I took my
central place,
But a certain shade of confidence o'erran my
modest face.
I spread my skirt out to its width and gracefully
it fell
O'er that small piano bench and to the floor
as well.
I struck a chord majestically to test the tone
and pitch
And found that it was suitable; its sound was
deep and rich.
Then abruptly ceased the tumult as I spread the
music out,
Limbered my dexterous fingers and discreetly
glanced about,
Placed my fingers on the keyboard and prepared
to swing and sway,
When I suddenly remembered that I'd never learned
to play!

Advertising, The Modern Pied Piper

By BILLY ALLEN

NOW, I'm not from Missouri, but I'd like for you to show me where modern advertising is either informative or reliable. The advertising today is a race—a race to see which product can worry you to death, or to the point that you buy it. I don't care how good or bad a product is, if it hasn't got good advertising, it just doesn't stand a chance. Even the advertisers know they're printing a lot of hooey, but they know if you hear and see ads for products, all day and night, your curiosity will get the best of you, and you'll try it, just to see if what they say about it is true.

It's gotten to the point that now, when I sit down at the breakfast table to eat, I can't enjoy my cereal unless it snaps, crackles, and pops or is shot from guns. And why is it that my father and all coaches have always told me not to smoke? For when I see advertisements for cigarettes, they swear that all good athletes smoke and even have them endorse their brand.

Take this "I'd walk a mile for a Camel" ad. I doubt if most people would walk a block for just one cigarette. And Ford's ad that tells you *it's* the best car on the road, when anyone knows it's no good except for a year. This pattern holds true for any ad you can name. But invariably, everybody always turns to the ads when he is looking for something to buy.

"Doctors recommend Colgates"; "Be a man of distinction, drink Calvert"; "Shell, the most powerful gas your car can use"; "Your teeth will be whiter if you chew Dentine gum." I believe if a paper company said that paper was stronger than steel, in a little while it would have half the people in this country believing it.

I've heard plenty of ads over the radio and laughed before, but the one that really bowled me over was the one for Had-a-Col that told of a man who couldn't read or write, who tried Had-a-Col, and in a little while he was teaching Latin and Greek at Harvard. Oh, brother!!

The Moon Above

By JEAN KIMBALL

The waning moon cast long pale shafts of light;
At first obscure but now, still timid, one sees,
In calm of night, the black silhouette of trees
Against the dark gray sky; this ghostly sight
Remains awhile; the ash comes tall, not bright;
And now the pines' soft swish by gentle breeze;
Effects of this make men to bend their knees,
In praise and awe of this, the view at night.
The breeze whips up, the trees do shake, I'm cold:
I yearn for warmth of house and cheery den,
While nature lover sister stands so bold.
My soul can stand no more, I soon go in;
If nature lover asks me why? — I'm cold.

Sonnets

By SHEP MONDY

I

Spring

Through mountains I have travel'd in the spring,
To see the buds come out from winter's cold.
And I have thought, how could you be so bold
To bloom out into such a lovely thing?
The little humming birds so sweetly sing
A little song, as if they had been told.
They're happy to see the works of nature unfold,
And with it all the beauty it will bring.
While through the winter months the birds are slow,
And all about looks far from being gay,
The spring is then the time that woods do glow,
With blooming flowers and singing birds all day.
This then is when your dreams of nature flow,
While winding on your very happy way.

II

The Change of Day

By JOANNE STEVENS

When day is done, the heavens I chance to survey,
There a sight of rarest beauty I behold;
The sun in the West is shedding his rays of gold
And with mingled colors hastens on his way.
On his celestial throne the king of day
In dreamy sleep the day prepares to fold,
And light slips into utter darkness cold,
As night approaches with the last beam of day.
I look to the East at the radiant, rising Moon,
The queen of night of alabaster white,
A pale lamp midst a thousand stars that sing.
I cannot help but think and feel that soon
She will no longer reign in her own right,
But resign her kingdom to her lord and king.

The Party

By DOROTHY MCCALEB

TWENTY small children were playing over the living room of the Wilson house on Christmas Eve. The brilliantly lighted Christmas tree glittered in one corner of the room. A few little girls in gay little party frocks admired the figures in the manger scene beneath the tree. But they didn't bother the brightly wrapped gifts, for they belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

In the fireplace a crackling fire roared, casting a crimson glow on the faces of the children. The music of their happy voices resounded through the entire house; but above all the babble, the voice of little Jimmy could be heard.

"Mrs. Wilson," he said in a worried voice," won't Santa Claus get burned when he comes down this chimney?"

"No, darling," she replied. "If he sees smoke coming out of a chimney, he doesn't come in that way. He comes through the door."

Then she went around, stopping to talk or play for a minute with each child. Suddenly, Lois Wilson disappeared for a minute. When she returned, she had a tray with steaming cups of cocoa and marshmallows. She disappeared for another minute and this time returned with sticks and more marshmallows for toasting over the open fire. The ecstatic sighs and squeals of delight that came from those little mouths! They grabbed the cocoa and rushed for a place by the fire where they could toast their marshmallows.

The children ate, sang, and talked excitedly. The talk was mainly of Santa Claus since Lois had told them that he was coming later on. As they ate, she busied herself doing all the little things mothers must do for young ones who are eating—wiping hands and mouths and helping the littlest ones with their cups of cocoa.

By the time they had finished, a band of carolers came by and sang outside the window. Surprisingly, Lois found some marshmallows left, so she took them outside to the carolers.

She had hardly come in and gathered up the cups when there came a rap on the door, and who should come bursting in but Santa himself!

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he chuckled. "Well, have all you boys and girls been good little children this year? Hmmm?"

The children all answered at once, and "Yes, Santa" came from every corner of the room.

"Well, well, I do believe that every one of you has been good all year. So that means that everybody will get something nice when I open my pack and I won't need those switches. Ho! Ho! In

fact, I believe I'll open it up right now. Oh, just look at those pretty dolls!"

With those words he started distributing dolls and other toys among the children. There had never before been such gaiety and joy in that house. The children merrily jabbered and played with their new toys. Oh, what a happy day this was!

When Santa's pack was empty, as he started for the door, he cried, "Merry Christmas, everyone, and Good Night."

All the children called their Good Nights and Good Wishes to old Santa as he left.

John Wilson came in from another room and drew his wife aside. "Don't you think it's about time to break up the party?" he said.

Looking at her watch, she replied, "Yes. We've had our Christmas now and they've had theirs. Even if we have no children really to call our own, we have all these sweet little ones. Yes, John, I guess it's about time to take them back to the orphanage."

Like A River

By LOULIE RIDENOUR

Time is like a river
Forever flowing onward;
Forever it is gone:
Lost time, lost love, lost people,
Forever, lost forever.

There is nothing you can keep
Hidden in the river,
Nothing you can hide,
Nothing you can hold,
Against the river's current.

Strange time and ticking moments
Are flowing like the river;
So quickly they do come
Only to be lost
Forever, lost forever.

Old Man River

By PAUL LAMB

ONE late afternoon in June, as I was sitting on an old piece of boat looking out across the water at the beautiful sunset, an old colored farmer who lived up the road sat down beside me.

At first I said nothing but kept looking at the piles of the old dock which had a pinkish color from the sunset. Then I asked him if he knew very much about Uncle Moses, the old colored man, who lived there on the beach.

"Well," he said, "I reckon Ise knows 'bout as much 'bout him as anybody else."

I asked him to tell me about the man named Alfred who came down there and said he was Uncle Moses' son.

He began by saying, "Everything wuz peaceful and quiet 'round here till this here man named Alfred moved in on old Moses and said he was his son, but the funny part 'bout this thing, old Moses wuz never married far as I knows. A few days after he hit here things started popping. Alfred said he had big plans and soon as Moses kicked off he wuz going to turn his property into a colored beach with a big dance hall. He had all the whites worried there fer a spell 'cause Moses wuz 'bout eighty sumpin then and he wuz getting weak. After Alfred got tired of sittin' 'round doing nothin' but fishin' and sleepin', he up and decided to go back to New York."

Just then his story was interrupted by the cars coming off the ferry down the noisy old dock. After the last car had hit the pavement he went on saying, "Things got back to normal in a while and then at the end of the summer all the white folk who stay down here during the summer went back to town. During the winter old Moses wuz taken down with a heart attack and Alfred come back down here to take care of him, so he said, but I knows him better 'an that. He come down here to wait for Moses to die. As the days went old Moses begun to get well and Alfred hit the road back no'th again. The next spring old Moses wuz taken sick again and Alfred wuz back down here, but this time he stayed till summer, and always tellin' everybody he seen 'bout his plans. At the end of that summer when all de whites started leaving, Alfred left, too. Late that fall a letter come for Moses and it said Alfred done died, so I reckon old Moses is like Old Man River, he jus' keep rollin' on."

Moonrise

By LENA SIMMONS

One night I looked up at the sky so blue,
And all the stars were shining very bright.
Although they looked so near to me, I knew
That they were very far away that night.
And then behind the trees I saw the moon;
It slowly rose till it could go no higher.
It was so bright and red I thought that soon,
'Twould burst and shatter all of us with fire.
But its place is way up there among the stars,
With all the darkness and the clouds up high.
With all the planets, milky way, and Mars,
It rolls around its course up in the sky.
I wish that I could watch it all night long,
I would be so happy that I could sing a song.

Musing

By JOANNE STEVENS

The saddest time of the year to me
Is the ever changing fall.
If I were given a chance to choose,
I wouldn't take it at all.

The leaves are falling all around,
And leaving the branches bare,
Just as if a beautiful girl
Were losing her lovely hair.

But the saddest thing about fall to me
Is not the trees left bare;
It's the awful job of raking up
The millions of leaves found there.

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Alma Mater

While the Appomattox wanders
Through Virginia fair,
While the sweet magnolia blossoms
Scent the southern air,
While the night wind stirs the pine trees
With a soft caress,
Just so long we'll raise the song
Of dear old P.H.S.

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Crash right through the foe;
Ever glorious and victorious
Down the field they go.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
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Ever strong and brave!
Fight, fight for P. H. S.,
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P. H. S.	1	Collegiate School	0
P. H. S.	2	Hopewell High School	1
P. H. S.	3	Thomas Jefferson	2

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The Progress-Index . . .

joins a proud community in wishing the students much success in their scholastic life and in their careers. We are proud to publish the "School Weekly News" for the students of P. H. S.

Watch for it in

THE PROGRESS-INDEX

Touchdown, Touchdown, Touchdown, Boys

Touchdown, Touchdown, Touchdown, Boys.
You make the Touchdown, we'll make the Noise.
Fight! Fight!
Don't give in.
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WIN! WIN! WIN!

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When that Crimson Wave team falls in line,
We're going to win that game another time,
We're going to fight, fight, fight for every yard;
We're going to circle in and hit that line right hard.
We're going to knock old _____ off the field;
We're going to call on their old team to yield;
We're going to do our best to win that game, win that game
For P. H. S.

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"Better Men's Wear"

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PHONE 825

Welcome Yell

We heard you were coming—
So we made great plans;
We coached our team
And we struck up the band,
We talked about you,
Waited for you;
Now you're here—
For .....,.....
Give a cheer.
Wel - - - - come
.....,.....,.....!

PHONE 1194-J

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Give 'em a yell!
Give 'em a yell!
Give 'em a good substantial yell!
Yea Team, Yea Team,
Fight 'em, Fight 'em, Fight 'em!

Fight Team, Fight!
Fight Team, Fight!
Fight Team, Fight Team,
Fight Team, Fight!

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Halla Baloo Connect Connect

Halla Baloo Connect Connect;
Halla Baloo Connect Connect;
Wahee! Wahee!
Look at the team!
Look at the team!
Look at the Crimson Wave Team!

Check That Backfield

Check that backfield; note that line—
P. H. S. is looking fine,
That's the team that's out to win,
Come on, gang.
Cheer 'em in!

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Yay Crimson, Yay Wave

Yay Crimson, Yay Wave,
Yay, Yay, CRIMSON WAVE!

Captain's Yell

Raaaaaaay, Rah!

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TEAM!

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Give us the V-I-C!
Give us the T, the O-R-Y;
Cheering, Fighting
For no less ————————
Victory, Victory, PHS!

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Halla Baloo, look on the track.
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P.H.S.	25	Baltimore Poly	14
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P.H.S.	6	Lunchburg	13
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P. H. S.	9	Thomas Jefferson	33
P. H. S.	22	Saint Joseph's	31
P. H. S.	26	St. Catherine's	30
P. H. S.	17	Hopewell	25
P. H. S.	30	John Marshall	22
P. H. S.	24	Collegiate	6
P. H. S.	30	Saint Joseph's	11
P. H. S.	23	Hopewell	17

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Halfbacks and fullbacks, all plenty neat,
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Watch that grand old fighting team
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P.H.S.	24	John Marshall	31
P.H.S.	31	Woodrow Wilson	54
P.H.S.	40	Dalton's	43
P.H.S.	34	Thos. Jefferson	68
P.H.S.	36	Maury	40
P.H.S.	39	Hopewell	24
P.H.S.	46	St. Christopher	44
P.H.S.	28	Alexandria	35
P.H.S.	34	Woodrow Wilson	70
P.H.S.	46	Faculty	35
P.H.S.	53	Hopewell	49
P.H.S.	46	John Marshall	33
P.H.S.	33	Glen Allen	25
P.H.S.	34	Thos. Jefferson	50
P.H.S.	48	Maury	42
P.H.S.	41	St. Christopher	38
P.H.S.	36	Alexandria	39

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"Everything to Build With"

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One, two, three, four;
Petersburg High,
Make that score.
Hit 'em on the left,
Hit 'em on the right.
Come on, Petersburg,
Fight, Fight, Fight!

Virginia Printing Co.

Petersburg's Most Modern and Largest Printing Plant

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Printers of . . .
The MISSILE

Spell Petersburg

P rah
E rah
TER rah
S rah
B rah
URG rah
Ray - - - - Rah,
PETERSBURG

Girl's Basketball Season (Junior Varsity)

P.H.S.	15	Thos. Jefferson	55
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Step on the starter,
Put 'er in low;
Come on Petersburg . . .
Go! Go! Go!

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See It! — Drive It!

50 WAYS NEW FOR '50

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HARDWARE — SPORTING GOODS — PAINTS

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P-e-t-e-r-s-b-u-r-g
P-e-t-e-r-s-b-u-r-g
P-e-t-e-r-s-b-u-r-g
Petersburg, Petersburg,
PETERSBURG!

Spell Crimson Wave

C-R-I-M-S-O-N
W-A-V-E
Crimson Wave, Crimson Wave
CRIMSON WAVE!

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Compliments

RALEIGH *"903"*

CIGARETTES

Block That Tackle

Block that tackle,
Make 'em fall,
Come on Petersburg—
Get that ball!

Spell Beat

B-e-a-t;
B-e-a-t;
B-e-a-t;
Yay, Petersburg,
Beat ———!

Charm Beauty Salon

Complete Beauty Service

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RUCKER
ROSENSTOCK

FOUNDED ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT A STORE EARNS THE RIGHT TO EXIST ONLY AS IT SERVES

In the fall, a Pep Club was organized for the purpose of promoting better school spirit, sportsmanship, and a larger attendance at the football games. All members were recognized by a white sweater, bearing the school name in red letters. The club was highly commended and proved to be very successful.

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We've got the vim;
We've got the pep;
We're out to win,
So watch your step!
We've got the coach;
We've got the steam;
Best of all, we've
GOT THE TEAM!
Tteam, team, Team.

Centers, Ends, Tackles, Guards

Centers, ends, tackles, guards,
Get together.
Hit 'em hard!
Hit 'em high!
Hit 'em low!
Yay, team, LET'S GO!

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Newest Creations in Jewelry, Watches and Diamonds

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"Everything for the Home"

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C-r-i-m-s-o-n
C-r-i-m-s-o-n
Fight, fight, fight, fight,
Fight, fight, fight,
C-r-i-m-s-o-n
Fight 'em, Fight 'em, Fight 'em!
Fight 'em!

Team, Team, Fight 'Em Team

Team, team, fight 'em, team,
Petersburg High—Rah!
Team, team, fight 'em, team,
Petersburg High—Rah!
Ray — — Rah, fight 'em!

Friendly pause

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